

TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION

NIGHTMARE

47778
75¢
NO. 22
OCT
1974

**2 all-new
horror
characters**

**the Mummy
Khafre**

**The Circus
of Horrors!**

the Bat

**Mercy, mercy,
cries
the Monster!**



HOLD!

I
YEAR
PLAN
DU
NIZE

FBI

I AM A MAN
SIR...LIKE YOU...
WE ARE...HUMAN
GARBOYLE!

WE
RE...

ALL RIGHT,
COME AN' I'LL
SHOW YOU THE

...WE LIVE
HAPPILY...AL
WITH OUR P

THE MOOD-TEAM UNDERTAKERS

THE MOOD-TEAM UNDERTAKERS are the purveyors of the HORROR-MOOD illustrated tales in every issue of NIGHTMARE, PSYCHO and SCREAM, all grouped here to unearth a very special magazine — TOMB OF HORROR. This is the pilot, or premier edition, of TOMB OF HORROR — a magazine which will begin on a regular schedule in just a few months, in the spring of 1975.

Howcum we don't make THIS number one, and get rolling right away on a regular schedule with the 4th HORROR-MOOD magazine? Here's the truth — as you, the reader know only too well, there are a lot of so-called horror magazines on the newstands at the moment. As you also know, some of those magazines are filled with very old reprints, and pages and pages of photo features, presented by a new publisher trying to make money in this market by selling you one or two original stories for a buck.

The SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD POLICY is somewhat different — we aim to give you original stories and art from front cover to back cover, every issue, for a price that isn't a rip-off. If we can't make money honestly, we'll get into another business. We promise to keep our magazines

honest — in other words, we won't pad half our pages with photo features that usually cost next-to-nothing to produce. As you know, those magazines are here one day and gone the next.

The HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINES operate under a different philosophy! You KNOW we're giving you our best (and we keep getting better, right? Look at this issue), and when you people are looking around for good horror entertainment, you know our stories never fail to be readable because we don't pamper to 'fandom', we pamper to 'average readerdom' — that means YOU. Stick with us, and very soon we'll delight you with TOMB OF HORROR on a regular schedule.

Open us up; Enjoy the MACABRE talents of the HORROR-MOOD UNDERTAKERS as pictured below — MAELO CINTRON (the artist of these portraits), ZESAR, ED FEDORY, CESAR LOPEZ, JESUS DURAN, AL HEWETSON and GUS FUNNELL, plus the many other people in this great issue — DOMINGO, BOB MARTIN, JOE CARDONA, FERRAN SOSTRES, GENE DAY, AGRAS and cover artist FABA. Why are we undertakers? Because we in the HORROR-MOOD TEAM have only one undertaking in life — YOUR reading pleasure. Read on — and enjoy, enjoy.



TOMB OF HORROR

SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION

- edited by ALAN HEWETSON

JOHN AGRAS CARDONA MAELO CINTRON GENE DAY DOMINGO
JESUS DURAN FABA ED FEDORY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL CESAR LOPEZ
BOB MARTIN FERRAN SOSTRES

The Tomb of Horror...pg.4 **The Bat~Mercy, mercy, cries the Monster**...pg.6
Editorial...pgs. 16 and 17 **When I was a boy I watched the Blood Wolves**...pg.18
Kill, kill, kill, kill and Kill Again...pg.24 **My Soul is in Hell**...pgs. 34 and 35
Vampire vs. Werewolf...pg.36 **The Cossackie Axe-Murder**...pg.46
The Mummy Khafre~the Funeral...pg.57



NIGHTMARE

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TOMB OF HORROR

WELCOME TO THE VAULT ROOM IN THE TOMB OF HORROR
--WHERE ABOMINATIONS CREEP AND BEHEMOTHS
SLITHER ABOUT IN SEARCH OF A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET
-- THERE IS, OF COURSE, NO SUCH THING AS 'PEACE AND
QUIET' IN THIS HELL-WELL, FOR HEREIN CERTAIN EARTH-
BORN MONSTERS ARE INTERRED FOR A VERY GOOD
REASON--
-- BEFORE I TELL YOU THIS REASON, LET ME TAKE YOU ON A
GUIDED TOUR OF OUR CHOICE: RESIDENT HUMAN FREAKS--

IN THIS COFFIN IS USUALLY DOCTOR VICTOR
FRANKENSTEIN-- HE'S NOT HERE AT THE MOMENT.
HE'S IN ONE OF THE CELLS TRYING TO PATCH-UP THE
TORN AND MUTILATED BODY OF ANOTHER
RESIDENT, WHO LAST NIGHT WAS ATTACKED
BY THE FELLOW IN THE NEXT COFFIN I'LL SHOW
YOU...



... INTRODUCED BY DWARFISH DOMINGO...

THIS FELLOW IS
NONE-OTHER THAN
VLAD THE IMPALER,
WHOM YOU KNOW AS
OL' COUNT DRACULA
HIMSELF... HE IS
DEAD, AND BURIED,
BUT THAT DOESN'T
STOP THIS FIEND
FROM PERIODICALLY
ATTACKING OTHER
RESIDENTS OF
THIS TOMB OF
HORROR--FOR THE
MOMENT HE
SLEEPS,
THANKFULLY
SATIATED IN HIS
LUST...



IN THIS CELL,
UNDER LOCKED
KEY, IS ERIC,
THE PHANTOM
OF THE OPERA
-- WHO IS A
VENGEFUL, ANGRY
SPIRIT-- IF WE
UNLOCKED THE
CELL AND LET
HIM OUT HE'D
THROW ACID IN
THE FACES OF
ALL THE OTHER
INMATES--HIS
MIND IS GONE
COMPLETELY
-- WRETCHED
MAN...



YES--THIS PIT IS JUST CHOCK-FULL OF INTERESTING
CHARACTERS, ALL HERE IN THIS PARTICULAR PLACE
FOR A VERY PARTICULAR REASON-- BUT BEFORE I
TELL YOU ABOUT THAT LET ME INTRODUCE SOME
MORE RESIDENTS--

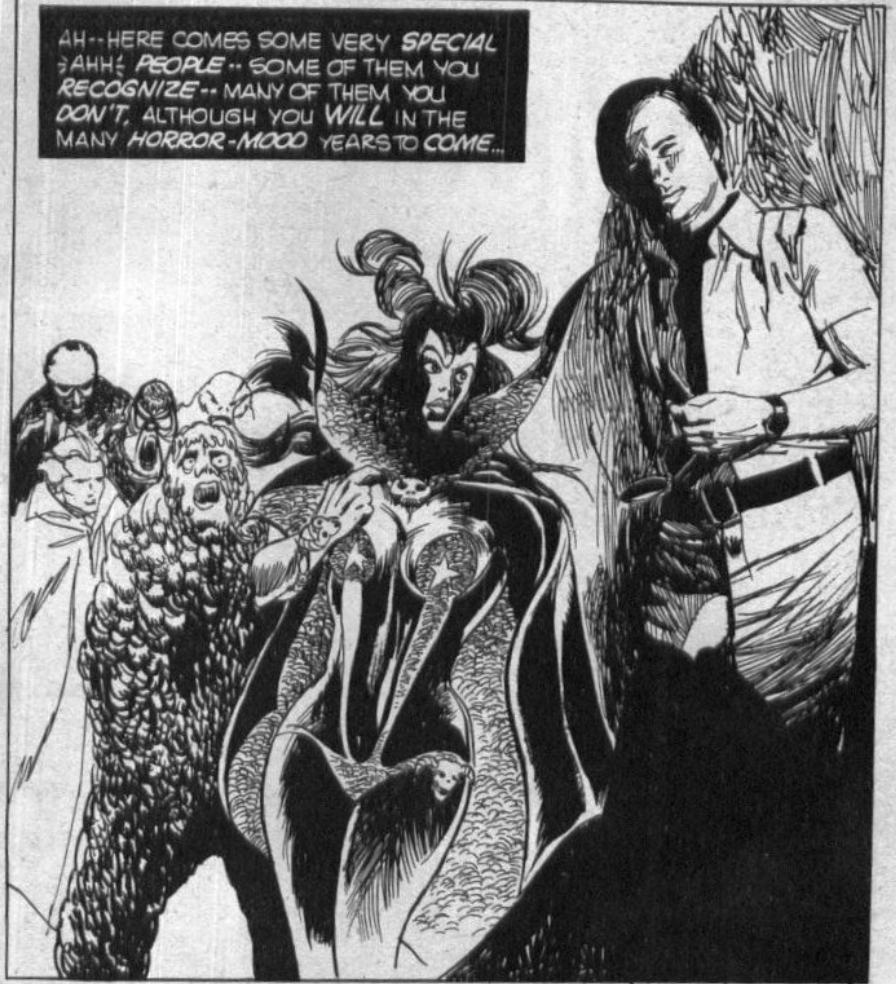
3ACH--
PTOEYÉ
MUCCUSED
BLOOD!



YOU RECOGNIZE *THIS* FELLOW, I'M SURE -- FORTUNATELY, HE DOESN'T TALK MUCH OR DO MUCH -- HE JUST SITS AROUND, FORTUNATELY FOR US...



AH -- HERE COMES SOME VERY SPECIAL *PEOPLE* -- SOME OF THEM YOU RECOGNIZE -- MANY OF THEM YOU DON'T, ALTHOUGH YOU WILL IN THE MANY HORROR-MOOD YEARS TO COME...



YOU SEE, DEAR READER --

-- THIS *TOMB* IS INDEED A VERY SPECIAL *TOMB* -- FOR THIS PLACE IS *HELL* -- IN A VERY SPECIAL CORNER OF *HELL*...

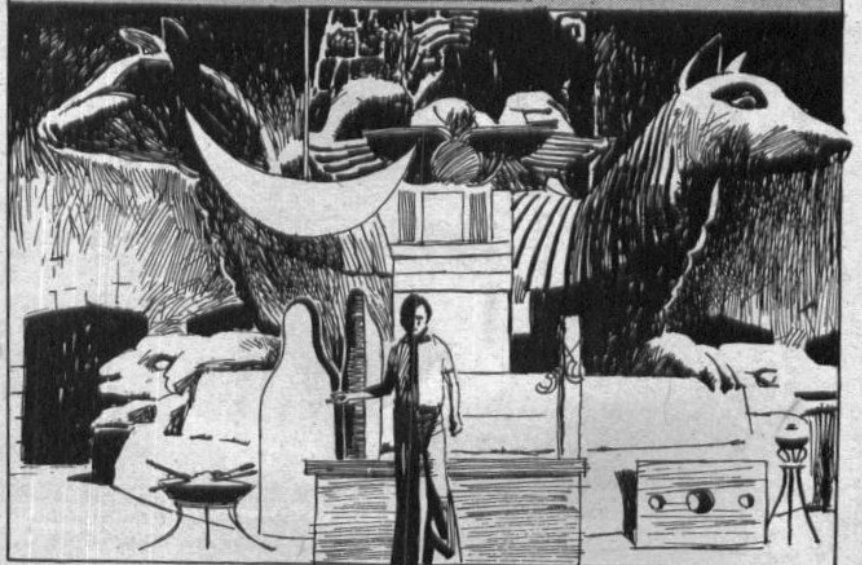


HEREIN DWELL *MONSTERS, BEHEMOTHS, LUNATICS* -- ALL THE CHARACTERS WHO INHABIT YOUR FAVORITE TALES OF HORROR -- AND JUST AS THEY COULDN'T RELATE TO PEOPLE ON EARTH, SO THEY CAN'T GET ALONG WITH THE OTHER INHABITANTS OF *HELL* EITHER...

...SO HERE THEY'RE SHUT AWAY, IN A SPECIAL *TOMB* IN *HELL* FOR ONCE-HUMAN CHARACTERS SO FIERCELY INDIVIDUALISTIC, THAT EVEN *LUCIFER* HIMSELF IS SCARED TO LET THEM MINGLE WITH THE OTHER RESIDENTS OF *HELL* -- THERE WOULD BE *CHAOS* -- AND THERE MUST BE A CERTAIN ORDER EVEN IN *HELL*!

...THIS IS THE *TOMB OF HORROR*, WHERE ONLY MISFITS AND FIENDS DWELL...

... JOIN US, WON'T YOU?...





...WELCOME TO THE **TOMB OF HORROR**... I AM **THE VULTURE**, YOUR **HOST** FOR A SPECIAL **INNOVATIVE SERIES OF HORROR TALES**-- EACH **CHAPTER INTRODUCES A BRAND-NEW HORROR CHARACTER**-- WHOSE **FUTURE IN TH' HORROR-MOOD MASS YOU WILL DECIDE**...

...**CHAPTER ONE** INTRODUCES THE AWESOME CHARACTER: **THE BAT**-- AN' IF **YOU** LIKE HIM AN' WANT TO SEE **MORE** OF HIM, **THE BAT** WILL HAVE A **REGULAR CONTINUED SERIES** OF HIS OWN...



...BEFORE WE BEGIN, I'D LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT **WHY I'M HOSTING THIS SERIES**...

...I AM **THE VULTURE**-- AS DESPICABLE A BIRD AS EVER TOOK TO FLIGHT-- I AM A **PARASITE**, I WATCH AND WAIT-- TO SEE WHEN MY **VICTIMS ARE DEAD**-- ONLY THEN WILL I **SWOOP** IN FOR THE **FEAST**...

...THAT'S **WHY I'M HOSTING A SERIES** ABOUT **OTHER CHARACTERS**-- I AM AN **IMPOTENT OBSERVER**-- A **WATCHER**-- I **OBSERVE THE MAULIN LIVES** OF **OTHERS** AND **REPORT THEIR TERRIBLE TRAGEDIES**...

...SO YOU SEE -- I AM THE **PERFECT HOST**...

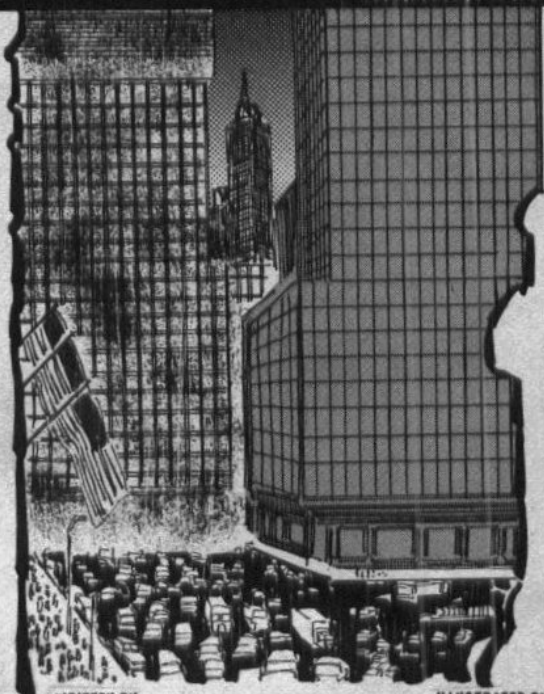


...SO STARTS **MY TALES**...

THE TALES OF THE VULTURE

CHAPTER ONE

...ON THIS EARTH THERE ARE **2 KINDS OF JUNGLES**...
...THERE IS THE **CITY-JUNGLE** KNOWN AS **MANHATTAN**...



WRITTEN BY
ALAN HEWETSON

ILLUSTRATED BY
BOB MARTIN



--THERE ARE THE **TROPICAL JUNGLES** OF **CENTRAL AMERICA**-- WHERE **SURVIVAL** IS SOMEWHAT **EASIER** THAN IN THE **CITY** FOR THE **EVENING** DOES NOT COME **SNEAKING UP FROM BEHIND YOUR BACK**-- BUT **CONFRONTS YOU FACE TO FACE**--

...THE MAN *RUNNING* IS
BROCK STANS-- AN
ARCHEOLOGIST FROM
MANHATTAN DIGGING FOR
PREHISTORIC BONES IN
THESE JUNGLES...

... HE IS GREATLY
DISADVANTAGED, FOR
HE'S A *CRIPPLE*-- HIS
RIGHT LEG WAS
IMPROPERLY FORMED
IN THE *WOMB*-- TO WALK
IS *UNCOMFORTABLE*
-- TO *RUN* IS
AGONIZING...

... YET HE *MUST RUN*, AS
MUST THE *OTHERS* IN HIS
PARTY-- FOR A *HORDE*
OF THE *FAMOUS CENTRAL*
AMERICAN VAMPIRE
BATS ARE ATTACKING
AND ARE ALMOST UPON
HIM...

... AND AS HE *KNOWS*, WHEN
VAMPIRE BATS ATTACK
THEIR *VICTIMS*, THEY DO
NOT *MERCIFULLY KILL*--
THEY INSTEAD *BRUTALLY*
MAIM AND *TORTURE* BY
RIPPING OUT THE VICTIM'S
THROAT, SO THAT FOR THE
REST OF HIS LIFE-- HE HAS
TO *CONSTANTLY GASP*
JUST TO *BREATHE*...

**THE BAT -- MERCY,
MERCY CRIES THE MONSTER**



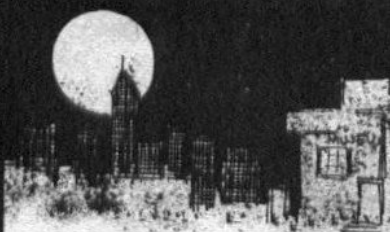
... ONCE SATIATED, THEIR GREED FOR HUMAN BLOOD FULFILLED, THE BATS WITHDRAW -- NOW THEY NEED REST, HAVING COMPLETED THEIR DAILY TASK -- THEIR GOD-GIVEN FUNCTION... LEAVING IN THEIR WAKE A MAN IN AGONY AND MISERY... NEARLY DRAINED OF HIS BLOOD-- RABIES COURSE THROUGH HIS VEINS AND MORBIDITY SYMPHONIES HIS PEACE OF MIND AS HE LIES IN A HOSPITAL BED -- THEN THE HASTY GATHERING OF HIS BONE-DISCOVERIES AND THE RETURN VOYAGE TO MANHATTAN WHERE HE KNOWS THE PASSAGE OF TIME WILL CUSHION HIS DISCOMFORT...

I FEEL SICK! I FEEL TERRIBLE-- HEADACHES AND CONSTANT NAUSEA-- WHAT IS IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE THIS? THE RABIES?-- THE DOCTORS CLEARED THAT UP... I GUESS I NEED REST... OR MAYBE I HAD TOO MUCH REST LYING IN THAT HOSPITAL BED FOR A WEEK

AND A HALF...

... I NEED TO GET BACK TO WORK-- THROW MYSELF INTO MY WORK AT THE MUSEUM-- FORGET THE ATTACK COMPLETELY...





...THE **PRESENT**: THE MIDDLE OF THE DARK MORNING WITHIN THE **MUSEUM OF NATURAL PREHISTORIA** IN MANHATTAN-- PROFESSOR **BROCK STANS** IS WITHIN, WORKING TO CONSTRUCT A MONSTER-- A **BEHEMOTH** WHOSE **BONES** HAVE BEEN UNDER THE EARTH THOUSANDS OF YEARS.

...IS IT **FATIGUE** THAT **OVERCOMES** HIM?-- OR IS IT SOMETHING ELSE THAT MAKES HIS **HEAD REEL** AND HIS **STOMACH TWIST**?-- IS IT, PERHAPS, THE **FULL MOON** OUTSIDE THIS NIGHT? THE **FIRST** FULL MOON HE HAS BEEN UNDER SINCE THE **GRUESOME ATTACK** TWO WEEKS BEFORE-- IS IT THE **FULL MOON** THAT CAUSES HIM TO **LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS**?--

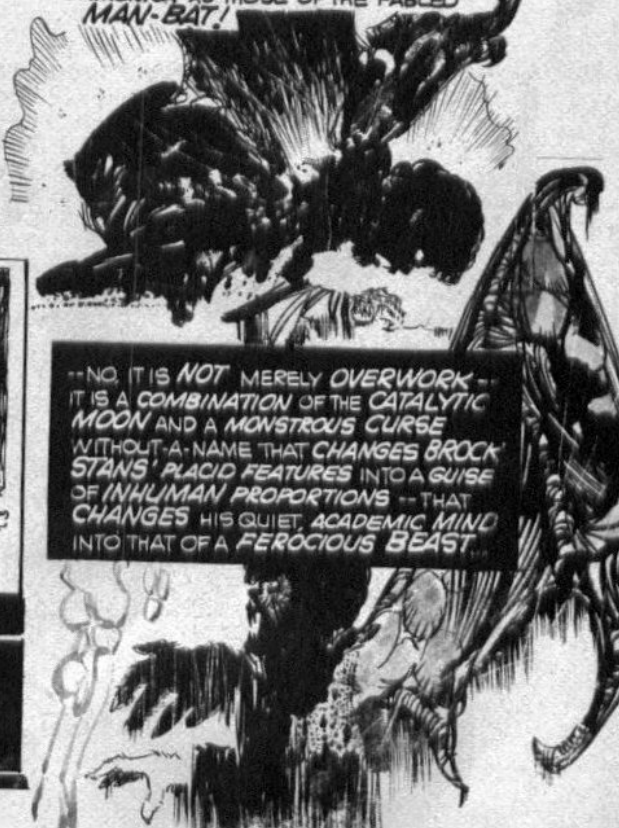
... AND **FALL** A **DISTANCE** THAT WOULD **KILL** ANY **NORMAL MAN**? IS THE **FULL MOON** A **FACTOR**?



...OR IS IT **OVERWORK** THAT **CAUSES** HIM TO **PERSPIRE**?-- IS IT MERELY **OVERWORK** THAT CAUSES **HAIR** TO GROW ON EVERY **QUARTER** OF HIS **BODY**?..



.. IS IT ONLY **OVERWORK** THAT **CHANGES** HIS **HUMAN FEATURES** INTO A **HIDEOUS APPARITION** NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN THE **UNITED STATES**?-- **FEATURES** KNOWN ONLY IN CERTAIN AREAS OF **CENTRAL** AND **SOUTH AMERICA** AS THOSE OF THE FABLED **MAN-BAT**!



--NO. IT IS **NOT** MERELY **OVERWORK**-- IT IS A **COMBINATION** OF THE **CATALYTIC MOON** AND A **MONSTROUS CURSE** WITHOUT A NAME THAT **CHANGES** **BROCK STANS'** **PLACID FEATURES** INTO A **GUISE** OF **INHUMAN PROPORTIONS**-- THAT **CHANGES** HIS **QUIET, ACADEMIC MIND** INTO THAT OF A **FEROCIOUS BEAST**.

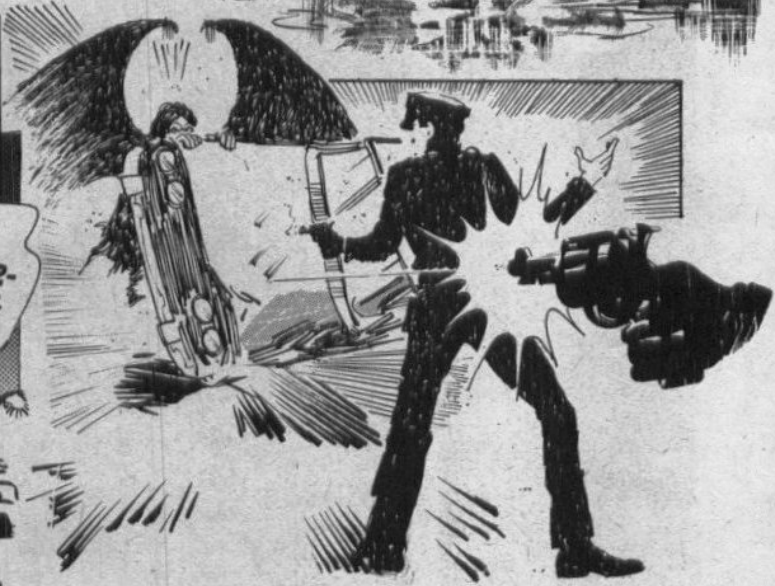
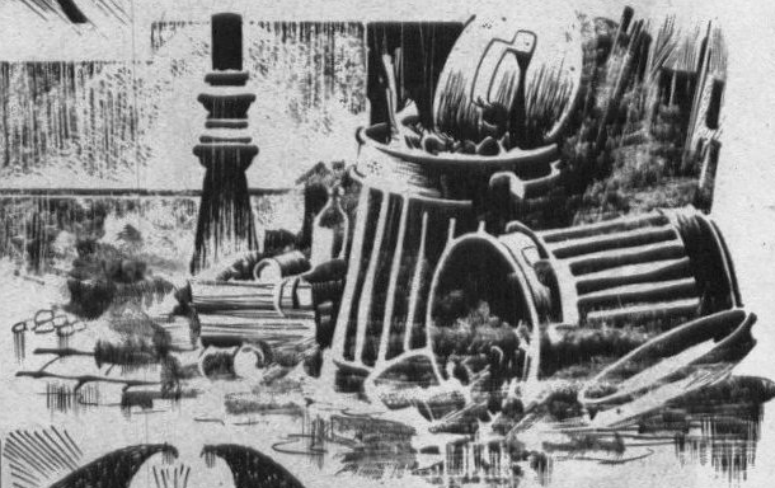


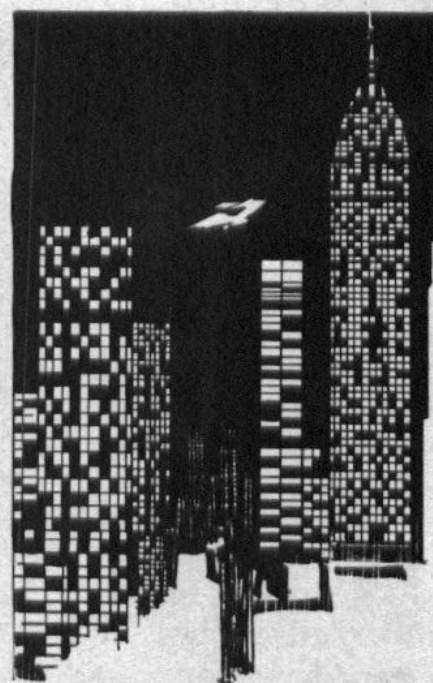
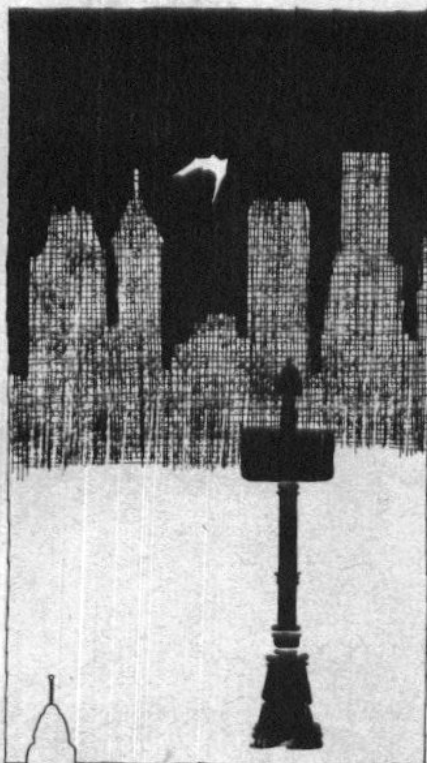
...MANHATTAN-- AT 4:00 ON A SUNDAY MORNING, IS DESOLATE, BLEAK, AND MIGHTY COLD-- YET THIS BEAST NOTICES NOTHING-- HE BLINDLY STUMBLES INTO THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY, FRANTICALLY TRYING TO UNSCRAMBLE HIS CLOUDED THOUGHTS...

...HE EMERGED WITHOUT AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD-- YET ONE CONFRONTS HIM NOW-- THE LAW-- NOTORIOUSLY, IN THIS CITY AT LEAST, EAGER TO PROTECT THE EMPTY STREETS-- THE VICTIMLESS CRIMES THEY OVERLOOK USUALLY, YET THEY ARE ANXIOUS TO THWART THIS VICTIMLESS CRIMINAL BEFORE HE CAN FIND A VICTIM!--

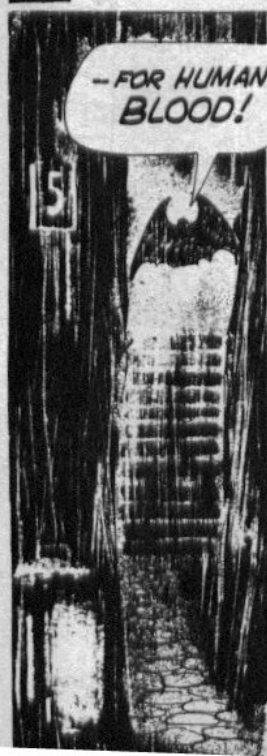
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

I DUNNO-- BUT UNLESS SOMEBODY IS MAKIN' A HORROR-MOVIE WE'D BETTER KILL IT BEFORE IT KILLS US!



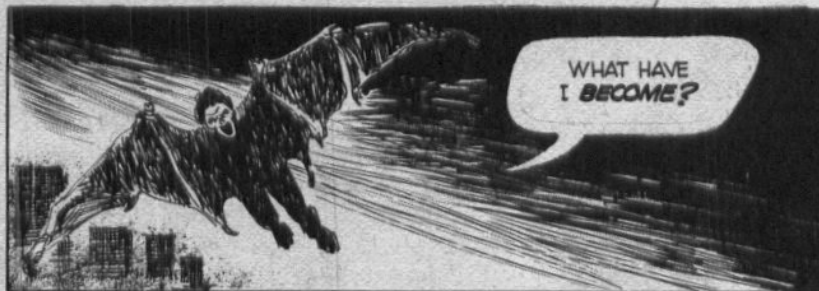


WHAT HAVE I *BECOME?*
A *MONSTER?* I FEEL NO
PAIN-- MERELY A *NAGGING*
DRIVE-- A *LUST--* A
THIRST--



-- FOR HUMAN
BLOOD!

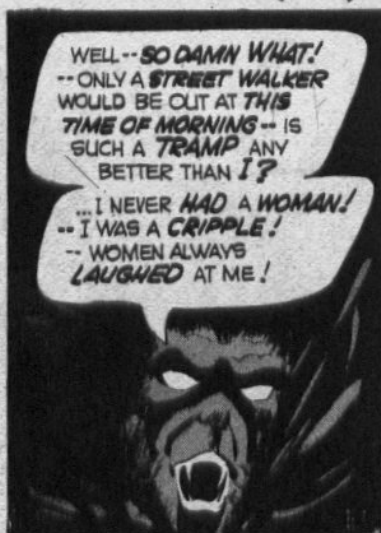




WHAT HAVE
I BECOME?

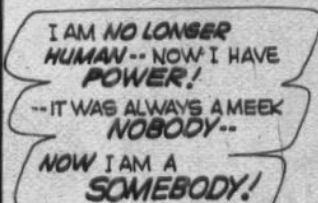


--A GHOUL!-- I AM
A GHOUL-- I HAVE
MURDERED AN
INNOCENT WOMAN...



WELL--SO DAMN WHAT!
--ONLY A STREET WALKER
WOULD BE OUT AT THIS
TIME OF MORNING-- IS
SUCH A TRAMP ANY
BETTER THAN I?

...I NEVER HAD A WOMAN!
--I WAS A CRIPPLE!
--WOMEN ALWAYS
LAUGHED AT ME!



I AM NO LONGER
HUMAN-- NOW I HAVE
POWER!

--IT WAS ALWAYS A MEAK
NOBODY--

NOW I AM A
SOMEBODY!



... NO LONGER AM I A SPINELESS HUMAN NON-ENTITY--
FORCED TO WORK ALL MY LIFE INSTEAD OF ENJOYING
MY LIFE--NO LONGER MUST I WATCH OTHERS-- NOW I AM
A BEING TO BE FEARED-- LOATHED-- HATED-- WHAT
DO I CARE IF I AM LOVED OR HATED-- SO LONG AS I
AM RESPECTED...




...THOSE HUMAN
ANTS BELOW--HUMAN
SCUM-- WHAT DO THEY
DO AT THIS TIME OF
THE MORNING?...



THAT MAN-- WHAT IS HE
DOING?-- SKULKING IN AN
ALLEY-- IS HE A MUGGER?
A WINO-- A JUNKIE? OR
IS HE JUST A BUM, WITHOUT
THE MONEY IN HIS POCKET
FOR A 50¢ ROOM IN
THE VILLAGE!





MADMAN!
--WHO DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE
--DRACULA?

WHAT GHOULISH
APPARITION
IS THIS?

LET ME FREE
MONSTER--I AM
AS YOU ARE--I
AM A VAMPIRE--

NO--NO-- I AM
WHAT I SAY
MONSTER --I AM
A VAMPIRE--

YOU ARE
NOTHING
BUT A
LUNATIC!

...YOU
DELUDE
YOURSELF!

THE SUN RISES
--I MUST RETIRE
--LET ME BE--LET
ME GO!

WHY DO I
BOTHER MYSELF
WITH YOU? YOU ARE
DERANGED--THERE
ARE NO HUMAN
VAMPIRES-- YOU FEAR
THE DAWN? MORON!
--I WILL DRAG YOU OUT
TO THE STREET UNDER ITS
FULL RAYS-- THE SUN
WILL DARKEN YOUR
ANEMIC SKIN--
THAT'LL BE THE
ONLY EFFECT!

YOU SEE, FOOL? --YOU SEE? --YOU ARE
DERANGED-- YOU ARE MAD-- YOU NEARLY
KILL AN INNOCENT GIRL, AND NO DOUBT YOU
HAVE KILLED MANY IN THE PAST, BECAUSE
YOU THINK OF YOURSELF AS THE ROMANTIC
VAMPIRE OF GOTHIC LITERATURE...

...WHY?-- BECAUSE YOU LIVE SO DULL A LIFE
YOU HAVE TO IMAGINE YOURSELF A SOMEBODY?--
YOU ARE A NOBODY... YOU AMOUNT TO NOTHING!

...BUT I-- BORN THIS NIGHT-- AM INDEED A
SOMEBODY...

...OF ALL THE MILLIONS IN THIS CITY--
I AM ALONE IN MY MAJESTY!

OH LORD HELP ME
--I'LL DIE --I'LL DIE IN
THE SUNLIGHT!

I--I FEEL SO **WEAK**
--**NAUSEA**
OVERWHELMES ME!

...GET A **WAGON**
HERE, **FAST!**

POLICE--HELP
ME--THIS GUY
IS **NUTS!**

SEND A WAGON
TO 42ND AND
8TH ON THE
DOUBLE!

I SEEM TO BE
CHANGING
-- BACK TO MY
HUMAN STATE!

HE ATTACKED
ME-- I WAS ON MY
WAY TO WORK AN'
HE JUMPED OUT
AN ALLEY AND
ATTACKED ME!

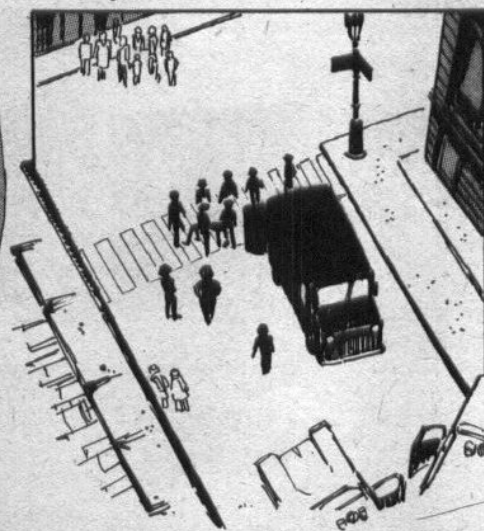
JUST STAY
PUT MISTER
--I DON'T
WANT TO
HAVE TO
KILL YOU!



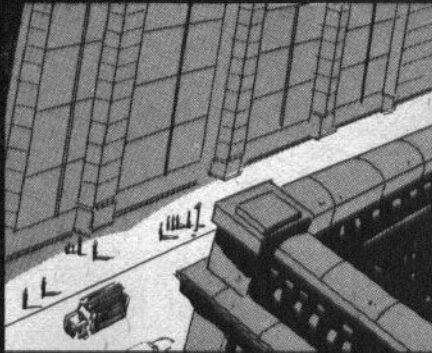
...HE'S **UNCONSCIOUS**
-- LET'S GET THIS **NUT**, OR
WHATEVER HE IS-- INTO
AN **ASYLUM** BEFORE HE
CAN **HURT** SOMEBODY...

...SOME **ANIMAL**
RIPPED OUT THE
THROAT OF A
GIRL UPON 60TH
STREET A COUPLE
OF HOURS AGO
-- IT MIGHT 'VE
BEEN **HIM!**

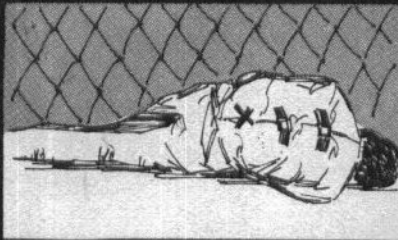
HE **ATTACKED ME**
-- I WAS JUST
WALKING ALONG
THE **STREET** GOING
TO WORK, AND HE
ATTACKED ME--
I SAW HIM
MOLESTING A GIRL
IN THAT **ALLEY...**



... 12 HOURS AGO, BROCK STANS WAS A **NOBODY**-- AND AS A **NOBODY** HE WAS **UNHAPPY** WITH HIS **LIFE**...



...JUST A FEW HOURS AGO -- HE BECAME A **SOMEBODY**--THOUGH A **SOMEBODY** WITH A **LIMITED FUTURE** -- HE BECAME A **MURDERER**-- AND AN **AVENGER**-- AT ONCE A **CRIMINAL** AND A **LAWMAN**-- HE **MURDERED** A **YOUNG WOMAN ONE HOUR**, AND DURING THE **NEXT HOUR** HE **SAVED ANOTHER** FROM **DYING**...



... HE HAS BECOME A **SOMEBODY** WITH A **MIND** NEITHER **EVIL** NOR **VIRTUOUS**-- THE **AMMORAL ENIGMA**...THE **CLASSIC FIEND**: WHO KNOWS NOT **WHAT** HE DOES OR **WHY**, WHO CHOOSES TO **JUSTIFY** BOTH THE **GOOD** AND THE **BAD**, BECAUSE HE IS THE **PHYSICAL SUPERMAN**, THE **EMOTIONAL NAPOLEON**, THE **PHILISOPHICAL INTROVERT**... AT ONCE A **SOMEBODY** AND A **NOBODY**...



... **NIGHT FALLS** -- THE **FULL MOON** SHINES THROUGH THE **BARRED WINDOW** OF THE **PADDLED CELL** IN **BELLVIEW ASYLUM**...

...AND THE **BAT** WANTS **OUT!**...

NEXT: IF YOU DEMAND IT: OUT INTO HELL!

...REGISTER YOUR **VOTE** IF YOU WANT THIS CHARACTER **OUT** OF THIS **ASYLUM** AND INTO **ACTION** IN A **REGULAR SERIES**

--FILL OUT THE **COUPON** ON THE **LETTERS EDITORIAL PAGES 16 AND 17**...

...IN THE **MEANTIME**: IN **CHAPTER TWO** OF **TALES OF THE VULTURE**

--THE BIRTH OF AN ALL NEW CHARACTER - **THE PHANTOM OF THE DEAD!**



TOMB OF HORROR EDITORIAL PAGES



Welcome to our very special premier TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION, the pilot issue of a magazine that will debut on a regular schedule in the spring of 1975. We hope you like what we have for you in this issue, which features just about everybody some-place-or-other, and which is a veritable cross section of wild, different talents. Special thanks goes to GUS FUNNELL, ED FEDORY and MAELO CINTRON, without whose invaluable aid along the way this issue would have been impossible.

Two new characters are unveiled in this issue. THE BAT, in MERCY, MERCY, CRIES THE MONSTER, is the first chapter of THE TOMB OF HORROR series: TALES OF THE VULTURE. This series will be illustrated in the future by a variety of artists, and in each chapter THE VULTURE will introduce a new character for your approval and appraisal. However, each chapter of the new CHARACTER, if you say yes to his continuing, will be illustrated by the artist who

introduced the character. Make a special note to fill in the coupon herewith and send it in. In fact, do it right now. If you don't wish to demolish the magazine then just make a Xerox copy or just print out your comments on a piece of paper and send it in. But send it in — The future of THE BAT is entirely up to you. Chapter two will not even be written until all the votes are in and counted. We will announce the results of the vote as soon as we know, in an issue of PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE, OR SCREAM.

Our second brand new character unveiled in this issue is THE MUMMY KHAFRE, that rather beautiful old girl who'll wing her way into your heart in future issues. Because this is a regular character, we intend to present her regularly in every issue of PSYCHO, beginning NEXT MONTH. When TOMB OF HORROR is released as a regularly issued HORROR-MOOD title, we will return the MUMMY KHAFRE to these pages. Actually, you KNOW that

The MOOD-TEAM MANIACS

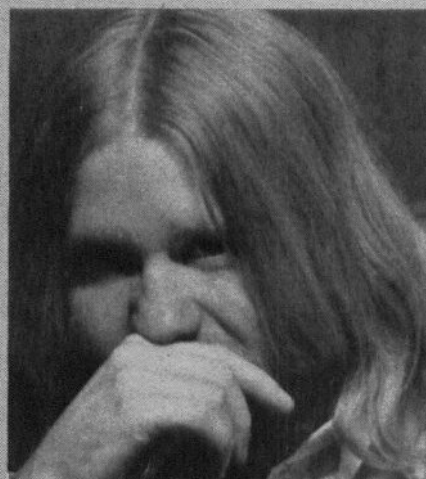
Many hundreds of thousands of letters are daily received demanding a look behind the scenes in the Editorial Offices! Unfortunately, these requests are sent to MAD magazine and not to us! But that's okay, even though you didn't demand them we'll give 'em to you anyway! Here are the most recent photographs taken of the maniacal, mirthful MOOD-TEAM contributors! None of these photographs are real — these people



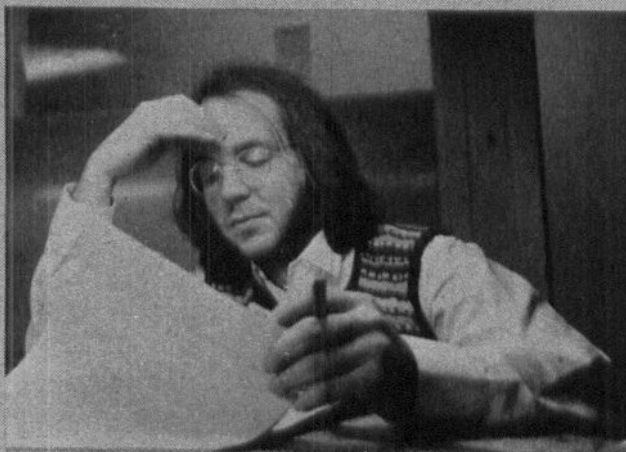
Emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY is pictured here throwing large trees.



Archaic AL HEWETSON in a formal portrait taken to celebrate his graduation from HARVARD LAW SCHOOL.



Awkward AUGUSTINE FUNNELL is pictured here covering up his beard which was especially grown for this photograph.



Macabre MAELO CINTRON is pictured here thinking for a few moments — this is a very rare photo because Maelo rarely thinks.

are all professional models — we couldn't possibly print photographs of what we REALLY look like, we'd be put to sleep by the A.S.P.C.A. If you would like to own an 8 x 10 glossy photograph, suitable for framing on your wall, excellent for a conversation item, and entirely appropriate for wrapping fish, simply write us a letter telling us WHY - on - earth you want the photograph, and enclosing a \$10 bill (no checks), and we'll send you absolutely nothing in return.

YOU make the decision on whether we continue the MUM-MY KHAFFRE, by your letters and comments, just as you decide the future of THE BAT by your vote coupons.

Messrs. FEDORY and FUNNELL took great care in preparing their scripts for this special issue — so when you drop us a line about this issue make sure you let us know what you think of their contributions.

There has been some controversy about the letters pages of comic books and magazines. That is, whether the letters therein are real or made up by the publishers. The talk has not touched on the HORROR-MOOD magazines, probably because of our unique letters/editorial format. However — I, as editor, hereby make the following straightforward statement. During my editorship of these magazines, I have never once placed in these pages a phony or made-up letter — all letters have been 100% genuine. I DEFY ANY OTHER EDITOR OR PUBLISHER TO PRINT THIS CLAIM.

Speaking of letters — THE BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS are coming in in bunches — keep 'em coming — they are your KEY to HORROR-MOOD participation. TERRY COYLE of Monticello, Iowa, writes: "The best story in NIGHTMARE #20 is THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE because ARCHAIC AL'S story really freaked me out. CARDONA is a good artist, but I have seen better — CESAR's return will be welcomed but if he decides to stay away, CARDONA can stay and handle the strip perfectly. Above all, after I read parts of the Shoggoth series, I find myself BELIEVING the story. Favorite title: THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN; Favorite characters: THE HUMAN GARGOYLES; Favorite series: THE SHOGGOTH MYTHOS, and NOSFERATU. Text stories are good if handled right. New ideas for the HORROR-MOOD magazines?: I'd like to see the return of the HELL-RIDER in his own magazine. You could try to get the original team of writers and artists, or CINTRON would be

coming
very
soon...
a
new
HORROR-MOOD
artist
of
the
macabre
ERNIE
PUCHADES



a cool artist (only if he would stay on THE HUMAN GARGOYLES). Also have CINTRON do a cover of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES."

... Thankee Terry — CESAR will certainly be returning to do THE SHOGGOTH CHRONICLES just as soon as he's finished the NOSFERATU series. The

return of THE HELL-RIDER, well — you never know, you never know! A special HUMAN GARGOYLES cover, by SEGRELLES, is up-and-coming.

Corrupt correspondence from STEPHEN BERENTI of Toledo, Ohio: "I would like to say the covers of NIGHTMARE #15 and #16 were really two great masterpieces of art, and the story of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES is the best. NIGHTMARE, PSYCHO and SCREAM are the best horror magazines around anywhere today. I can't wait to see TOMB OF HORROR. THANK YOU for giving us great horror magazines that can be really enjoyed."

... That is our whole reason for being, Stephen. Thank YOU for your kind words ...

Comments from D. L. WILLIAMS of Chicago, Illinois: "My favorite story of the issue is I, GARGOYLE because — well, because that's the way people really are. I buy the HORROR-

MOOD magazines because they have the best artists and writers, so why not buy the best. Favorite writers: ROSS ANDRU and AL HEWETSON; Favorite artist: MAELO CINTRON; Favorite cover artist: SEGRELLES; Favorite characters: THE HUMAN GARGOYLES (once again, the Gargoyles are winning hands down/Archaic editorial aside). THE VICTIMS is the best series. MORE text stories. Changes? — DON'T change the magazines — How can you or anyone in this world or in hell or any place who is in his right mind attempt to change the best book out!!"

NICE RAP Y'ALL!

R.I.P.

ARCHAIC AL

Name

Age

THE VULTURE-VOTE

SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 East 41st, Rm. 1501, New York, N.Y. 10017

yes continue THE BAT, I want to see MORE!

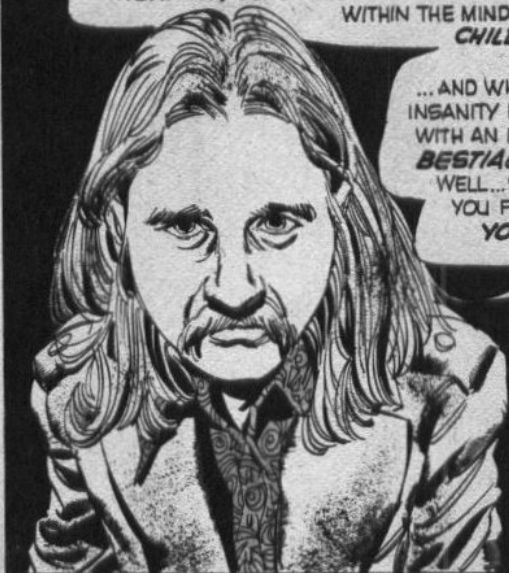
no let THE BAT remain in the asylum!

Comment

INTRODUCED BY WRITER AUGUSTINE FUNNELL

THERE IS *NOTHING* MORE CHILLINGLY FRIGHTENING THAN *INSANITY*, ESPECIALLY WHEN THAT *INSANITY* IS HOUSED WITHIN THE MIND AND BODY OF A *CHILD*...

...AND WHEN THAT *INSANITY* IS COUPLED WITH AN *INSATIABLE, BESTIAL BLOODLUST*, WELL... SUPPOSE I LET YOU FIND OUT FOR *YOURSELF*...



I *NEVER* LIKED THEM...THE *PEOPLE* THAT IS, SWAGGERING AROUND AS IF THEY WERE MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY *OTHER* BEINGS ON THE FACE OF THE PLANET/ EVEN WHEN I WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD I KNEW THEM FOR WHAT THEY *WERE*... *GREEDY, SELFISH KILLERS!*

I *HATE* THEM! THEY THINK THEY'RE SO *GOOD*... BETTER THAN *ME*... BETTER THAN *ANYTHING!*



BUT THEY'RE *NOT!* THEY'RE *NOTHING!* AND I DON'T *NEED* THEM... *NONE* OF THEM! AS LONG AS I HAVE MY *FRIENDS*...



MY THOUGHTS ALWAYS TRAILED OFF THEN, AND LIKE *ALWAYS*, I LEFT THE CONFINES OF THE SMALL TOWN ... LEFT TO FIND MY *FRIENDS* ...THE *ONLY* BEINGS I FELT HAPPY WITH.



THE SUN WOULD *DISAPPEAR*, AND I'D BE LEFT IN *DARKNESS*... BUT THAT DIDN'T MATTER. I KNEW WHERE I WAS GOING, AND THE *DARKNESS*... DID NOT FRIGHTEN ME ... NOT AS LONG AS I KNEW THERE WERE NO *PEOPLE* AROUND...



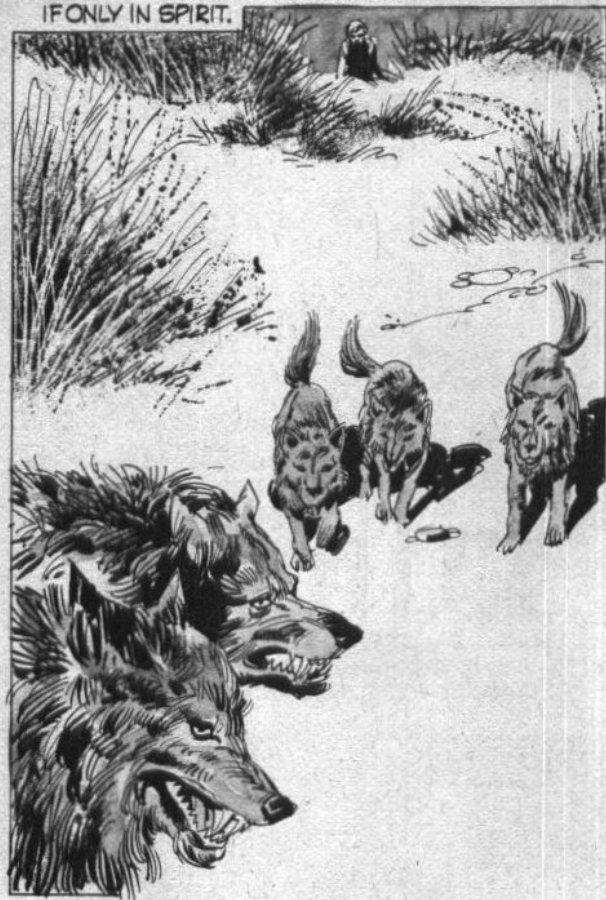
WRITTEN BY
AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
ILLUSTRATED BY
CARDONA



...AS LONG AS I KNEW I WAS *ALONE*, AWAY FROM THE *GREEDY, SMIRKING, CRUEL PEOPLE*, I HAD A SORT OF PEACE ... AND WHEN I FOUND MY *FRIENDS*, EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT. EVERYTHING WAS *FINE* THEN. YOU SEE...

WHEN I WAS A BOY I WATCHED THE BLOOD-WOLVES!

EVERY CHANCE I GOT I'D **WATCH** THEM. THEY **KNEW** I WAS THERE, BUT THEY NEVER BOTHERED ME. MAYBE THEY KNEW THAT I WAS **ONE** OF THEM, IF ONLY IN SPIRIT.



WHEN THEY MOVED OUT FOR THE NIGHT'S **HUNT**, I ALWAYS **FOLLOWED**, AND IT WAS AS IF THEY **KNEW** I COULDN'T KEEP UP WITH THEM, BECAUSE THEY MOVED SLOWLY, LETTING ME STAY A FEW YARDS AWAY.



WHEN WE REACHED THE CLEARINGS, THEY ALWAYS STARTED TO **RUN**, AND I RAN BEHIND THEM, TRYING MY BEST TO KEEP UP WITH THEM, BUT I **NEVER** COULD.



I ALWAYS FOUND THEM THOUGH, CIRCLED AROUND THEIR **KILL** FOR THE EVENING, AND **GORGING** THEMSELVES ON THE **BLOODY RED MEAT**! THEY ALWAYS SEEMED SO **HAPPY**!



THEN, LIKE ALL THE **OTHER** TIMES, ONE OF THE WOLVES WOULD RIPE OFF A BIG PIECE OF THE **BLOODY MEAT** AND BRING IT OVER TO **ME**! HE'D STOP RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME, THE MEAT DRIPPING **BLOOD** THAT FELL TO THE GROUND.



THEY ALWAYS LOOKED AT ME, AS IF THEY EXPECTED ME TO GO **OVER**. BUT SOMEHOW, I **COULDN'T** JOIN THEM, I **WANTED** TO... BUT I WAS **DIFFERENT**.



I'D ALWAYS REACH OUT AND PET THE WOLF ON THE HEAD. THEY *DIDN'T* SCARE ME... THEY WERE MY *FRIENDS*, AND I KNEW THEY *WOULDN'T* HURT ME. THE WOLF WOULD DROP THE MEAT BESIDE ME, LICK MY HAND...



... AND WALK BACK TO THE *KILL*, LEAVING THE MEAT FOR *ME!* THE WOLVES WOULD CONTINUE THEIR *FEAST*...



... AND I'D *DEVOUR* MY *SHARE* OF THE *KILL*!!

THEN I'D GO HOME, SATISFIED WITH THE NIGHT'S *PROWLING*, AND GLAD THAT I HAD SHARED IT WITH MY BROTHERS. BUT RETURNING HOME WAS *NOT* SOMETHING I LOOKED FORWARD TO, FOR...



WHERE WERE YOU *THIS* TIME? DO YOU REALIZE HOW *LATE* IT IS?

THERE'S *BLOOD* ON YOUR SHIRT. WHAT *HAPPENED*?

IT MADE ME *LAUGH* WHEN I THOUGHT OF THEM... THINKING THEY WERE *PUNISHING* ME BY NOT LETTING ME EAT... WHEN I'D *ALREADY* FEASTED TO MY *HEART'S* CONTENT!

I D *NEVER* ANSWER, BUT IT *WOULDN'T* *MATTER*... THEY WOULD NEVER HAVE *BELIEVED* ME!

FORGET THE *BLOOD*! HE'S NOT GOING TO TELL US... JUST LIKE ALL THE *OTHER* TIMES. GET TO YOUR *ROOM*! MAYBE *ANOTHER* NIGHT OF GOING HUNGRY WILL DRIVE SOME *SENSE* INTO YOUR HEAD!



BUT GEORGE...
...THE *BLOOD*!!!

I SAID *FORGET* ABOUT IT! YOU KNOW *DAMNED* WELL HE WON'T TELL US *ANYTHING*!



THEY'D NEVER MENTION IT THE NEXT MORNING, BUT IT *DIDN'T MATTER*... I DIDN'T CARE ANYWAY! MY MIND WAS *MILES* AWAY, DANCING ACROSS WIND-SWEPT FIELDS, THE SCENT OF *BLOOD* IN MY NOSTRILS!



I LISTENED TO THEM, TOOK THEIR *INSULTS*, AND TRIED TO FORGET THAT I WAS LIKE THEM. INSTEAD, I WAS SOMETHING *ELSE*... SOMETHING THE STUPID PEOPLE AROUND ME COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND.



EVEN WHEN I PASSED MY EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY I REMAINED WITH THE *WOLVES*... FOR WERE THEY NOT... MY *FAMILY*?



I PLAYED THE GAMES OF PEOPLE, THE PEOPLE I *HATED* SO MUCH! I WENT TO THEIR SCHOOLS, BUT I KEPT TO *MYSELF* AS MUCH AS I COULD.



AND AT NIGHT, WHEN THE DAYS WERE *DONE*, I LEFT THE CONFINES OF THE HUMAN PRISON... AND BECAME ONCE MORE... A *KILLER*!



IT WAS THEN I REALIZED MY *HERITAGE*... KNEW THAT *REVENGE MUST BE MINE!* AND IT MUST BE MINE IN THE *ONLY WAY I KNEW POSSIBLE.*



THEY PROBABLY *NEVER* KNEW *WHY* THEY WERE DYING, AND IT REALLY *DIDN'T MATTER*. THEY WERE *HUMAN*... AND ONLY THEIR *DEATHS* COULD APPEASE MY *HATRED*. ONLY THE SIGHT OF THEIR *BLOOD* RUNNING RED AND *THICK* THROUGH THE STREETS COULD CALM ME!



THAT'S HOW THEY *FOUND* ME... *BLOOD DRIPPING* FROM MY CHIN, STRIDING THE LENGTH OF TWO VERY *DEAD BODIES*...



IT DIDN'T REALLY *MATTER WHO* DIED... AS LONG AS THEY WERE *HUMAN*... THAT'S *ALL* THAT COUNTED... *HUMAN DEATHS!* I HATED THEM *ALL! ALL! ALL!*



THE *TASTE* OF *HUMAN FLESH* AS I CRAMMED IT INTO MY *MOUTH* MADE ME ONLY *MORE SAVAGE*... *MORE HATEFUL!* EVEN AS I SAW THE *BLOOD* FLOW DOWN THE STREET I FELT *NO REMORSE*... ONLY *SATISFACTION!!!*



...AND THEY JUDGED ME TO BE A *WEREWOLF!!* *INSANE*, BUT A *WEREWOLF* NEVERTHELESS!





INCREDIBLE! HE ACTUALLY
IS A WEREWOLF!

HE'S *NOT* YOU
KNOW. REALLY HE
ISN'T... AND HE
SHOULDN'T
BE CONFINED
IN THAT CELL!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN!? HE KILLED
TWO PEOPLE!! AND HE'S BEEN
LEGALLY JUDGED A WEREWOLF!

YOU ARE A *FOOL*!
AND FOR FOOLS THERE
CAN BE ONLY...

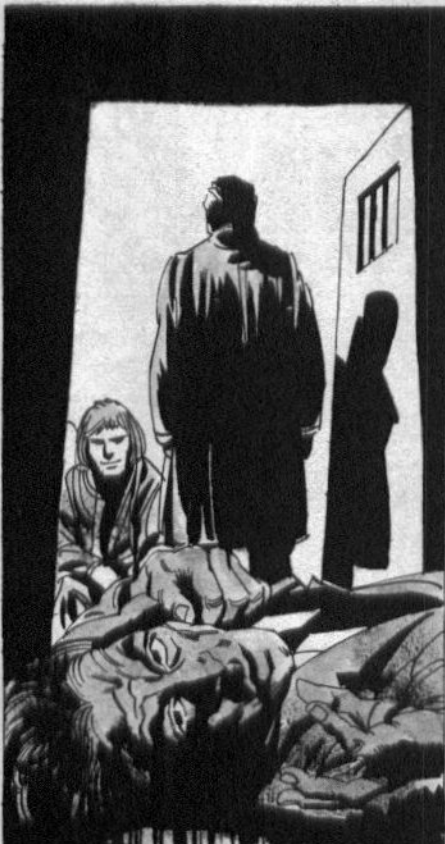


... *DEATH!!!*

I WATCHED HIM ENTER MY ROOM
AND MY HEART *SCARED* WITH
JOY AS HE STOOD BEFORE ME,
SMILING.

HE WAS *RIGHT*... I WASN'T
A WEREWOLF...

... BUT *HE WAS!*



AND A BROTHER *NEVER* DESERTS
A *BROTHER!!!*



...INTRODUCED BY ARTIST
FERRAN SOSTRES...

...WHAT KIND OF MAN
KILLS WITHOUT MERCY?...
WITHOUT 2ND THOUGHT AS
TO THE CONSEQUENCES?
...WHAT KIND OF THING KILLS
WITHOUT DISCRIMINATION?...
NOT CARING WHO?... NOT
CARING WHEN?... NOT
CARING HOW?... CARING
ONLY THAT IT BE BLOODY
AND WRETCHED-- WHAT
KIND OF MAN?



WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON

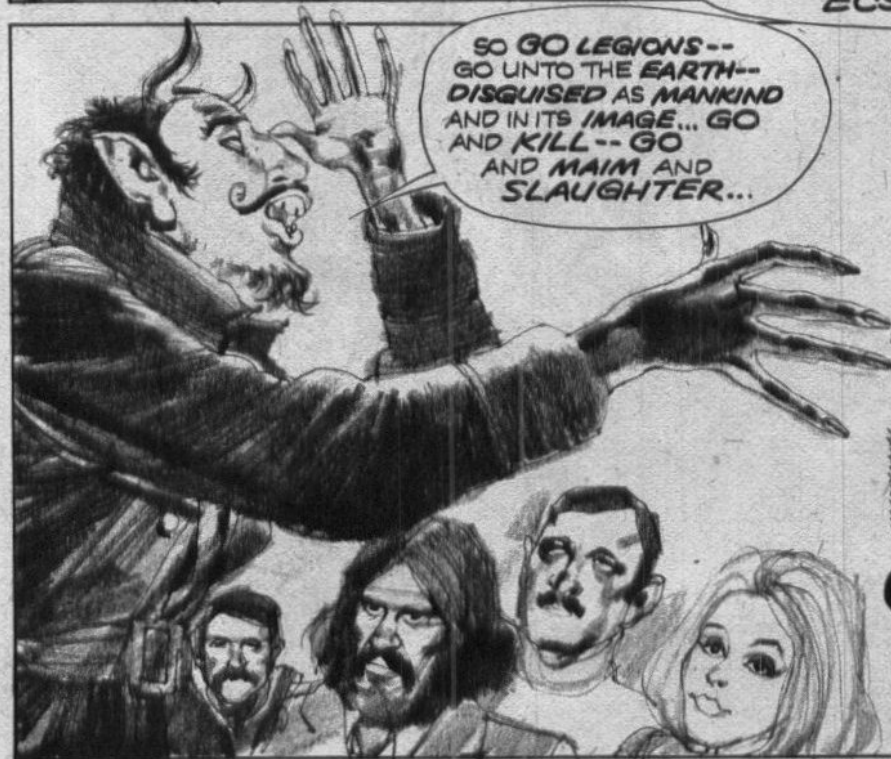
YOU ARE--MY HAND-
PICKED ASSASSINS--
THE PRIVILEGED OF EVEN THE
FEW HERE IN HELL SUITABLE
FOR SUCH A TASK... YOU ARE THE
LEGIONS OF DEATH... YOU
ARE THE BLACK ANGELS OF
DOOM... YOU ARE THE EVIL
DESPOTS OF THE EARTH, WHO
INVOKE MISERY, WHO CARICATURE
HAPPINESS, WHO REVEAL PAIN
AND TORTURE TO BOTH THE
LIVING AND THE DEAD...



YOU ARE MY
SACRILIGIOUS TOOLS
--MY INSTRUMENTS OF
POWER... WITH YOU AS MY
ARMY I AM THE ETERNAL
EVIL MONGER-- THE ALMIGHTY
FIEND-- THE JOKER OF
INDECENCY-- I MAKE GOD THE
MONUMENTAL FRAUD-- I MAKE
MYSELF THE INSATIABLE
MONARCH OF ALL EARTH...



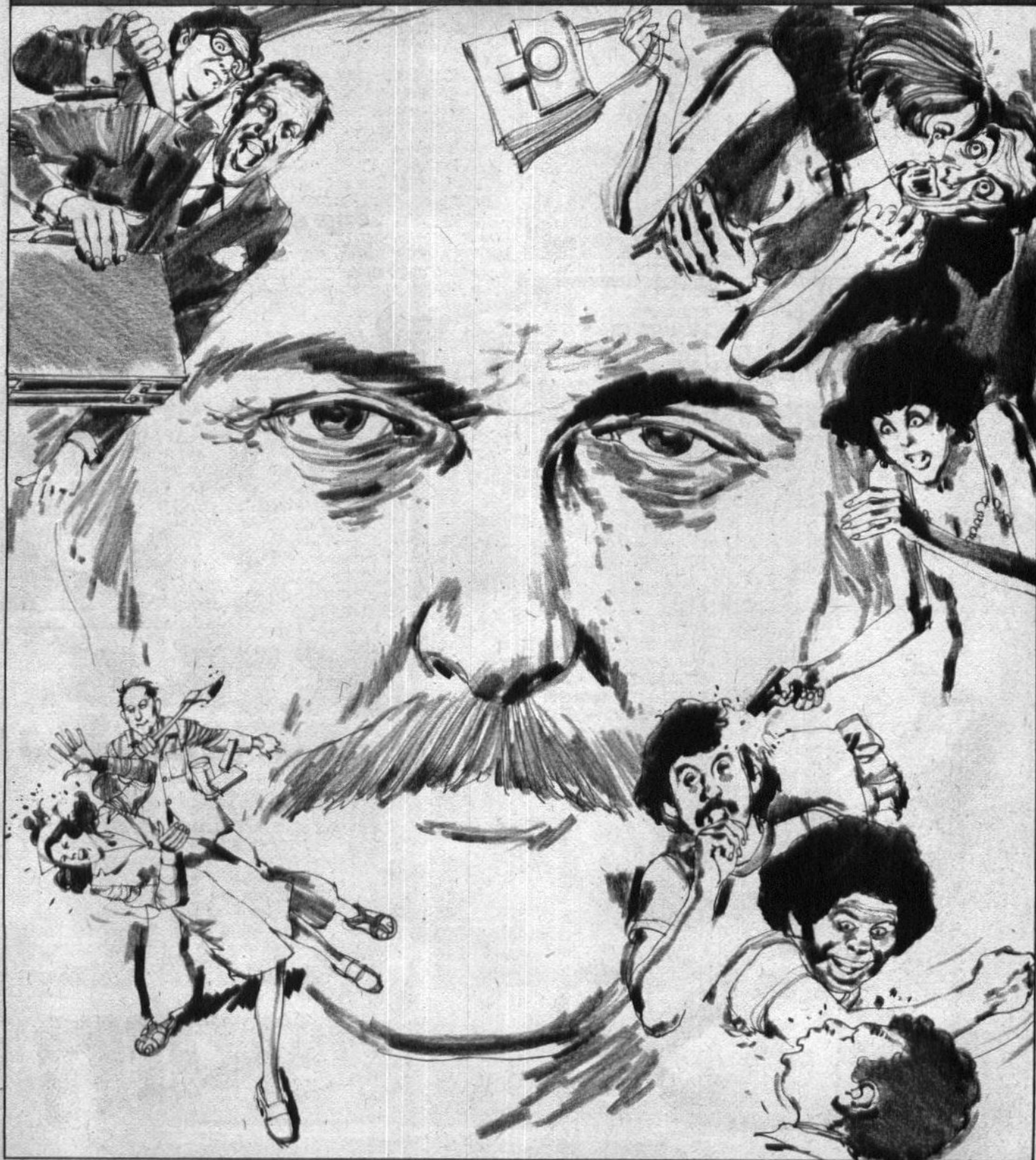
...FOR I--
AM SATHANAS
-- THE LORD
OF THE DARKNESS...
AND I AM NEVER
SATISFIED-- I NEVER
HAVE ENOUGH OF ANYTHING
--OF LIFE AND OF DEATH...
OF PAIN AND OF
ECSTASY...



SO GO LEGIONS--
GO UNTO THE EARTH--
DISGUISED AS MANKIND
AND IN ITS IMAGE... GO
AND KILL-- GO
AND MAIM AND
SLAUGHTER...

**KILL,
KILL,
KILL,
and
KILL,
again**

SIMON INGELS IS ONE OF **SATAN'S LEGIONS OF DEATH**-- HE IS A **PAWN**, IN THE **COMPLETE** SENSE OF THE WORD-- A VERY **ANGRY MAN**-- A VERY **BRUTAL MAN**-- DETERMINED TO BE **BRUTAL AND BLOODY**-- DETERMINED TO **KILL** LIKE A **MACHINE** WITHOUT A **MIND** OR A **SOUL**... INGELS **INDEED** LOST HIS **SOUL** TO **SATAN A-TIME-BACK**-- BUT HE IS **STILL** POSSESSED OF A **MIND**-- AND NOT A **MAD MIND**-- MERELY AN **ANGRY MIND**... **BENT** ON **BRUTALITY**-- **BENT** ON **FEROCIOUS SUDDEN DEATH**-- **BENT** ON **SPILLING** THE **BLOOD** OF HIS **VICTIMS** IN **BUCKETS**-- AND ENJOYING AND **SAVOURING** THE **SWEET SENSE** OF **SOUL SATISFACTION** THAT COMES AS THE **LOVED ONES** OF THE **FRESHLY-DEAD** **WEEP** THEIR **HEARTS OUT** UPON THE **BELOVED, AWFUL REMAINS**... **SENSE** AND **SENSITIVITY**... **LIFE** AND **RELATIVITY**... **DEATH** AND **NOTHINGNESS**... ONLY THE **WRETCHED** DIE **YOUNG** AND ONLY THE **LOVELY** LIVE TO BE THE **WISE**--



SIMON INGELS IS THE DARK ANGEL-- THE UNHOLY GHOST-- WHO CALLS UPON HIS VICTIMS IN A MOST UNUSUAL WAY-- HE ENTERS THEM--

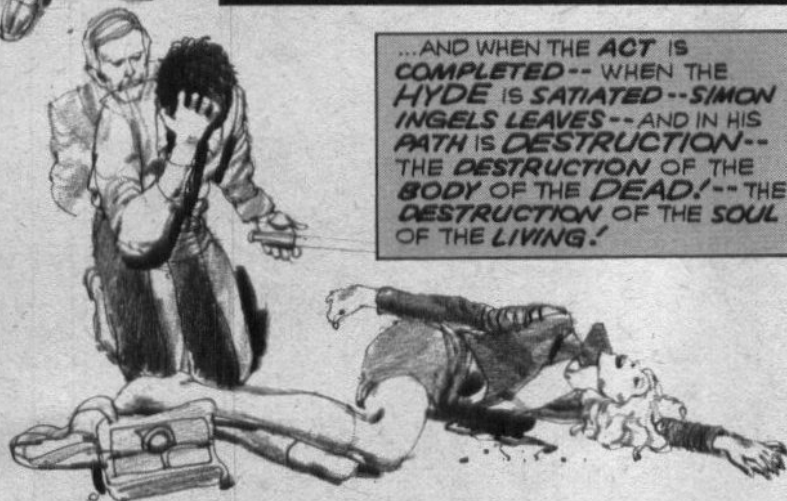
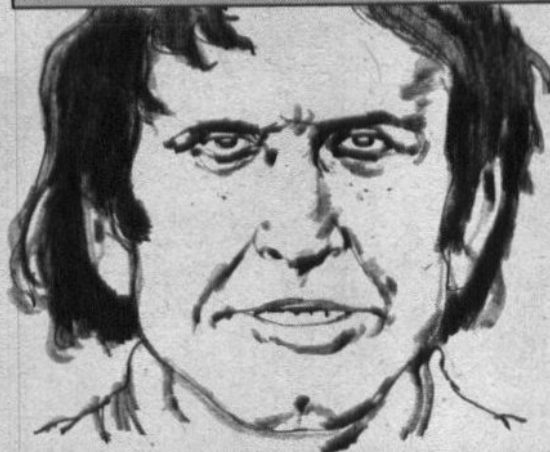


WHY DIDN'T YOU WASH THE DISHES? WHY DIDN'T YOU CLEAN UP AROUND HERE?... YOU KNOW DAMN WELL MY MOTHER IS COMING OVER TONIGHT-- DON'T YOU CARE? DON'T YOU THINK? DON'T YOU WANT TO HELP ME AROUND THE HOUSE?

...THE MAN WITHIN EVERY MAN-- THE SELF-INDULGENT MAN-- THE BOHEMIAN, SUB-CULTURAL, ANARCHIST--

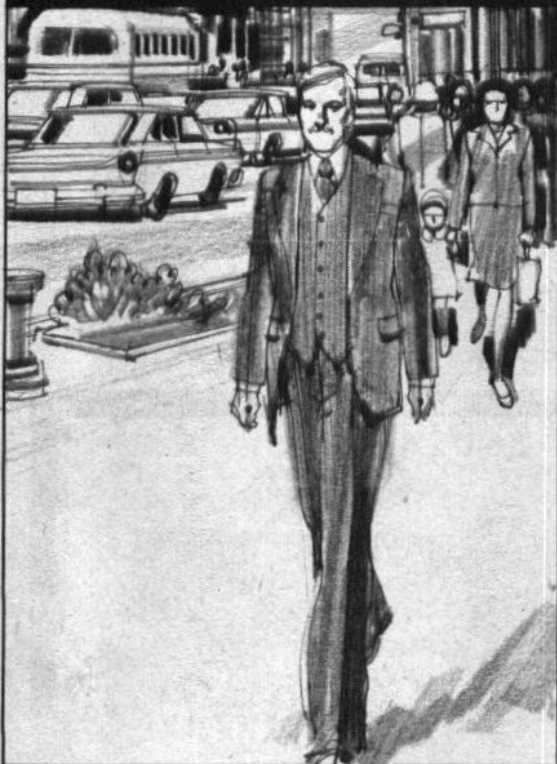


--AS THE UNEXPLAINED ARCHANGEL OF DEATH HE CREEPS INTO HIS VICTIMS' MINDS-- CRAWLS INTO THEIR SUBCONSCIOUS AND MOTIVATES AND ACTIVATES THE UNQUESTIONING SUB-CONSCIOUS UNDERNEATH-- HE IS THE HYDE IN MAN--

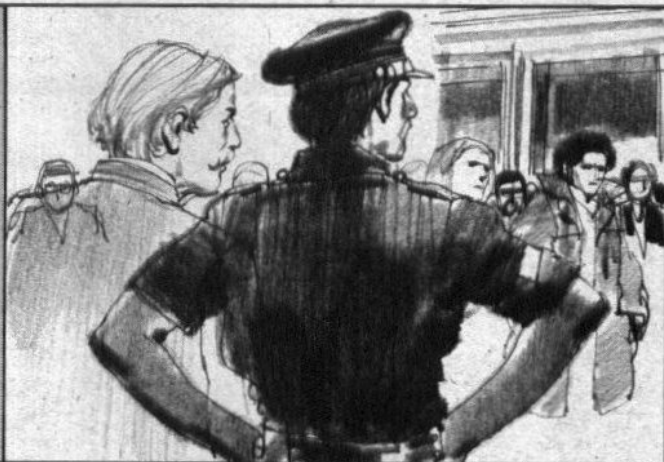


...AND WHEN THE ACT IS COMPLETED-- WHEN THE HYDE IS SATIATED-- SIMON INGELS LEAVES-- AND IN HIS PATH IS DESTRUCTION-- THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BODY OF THE DEAD!-- THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SOUL OF THE LIVING!--

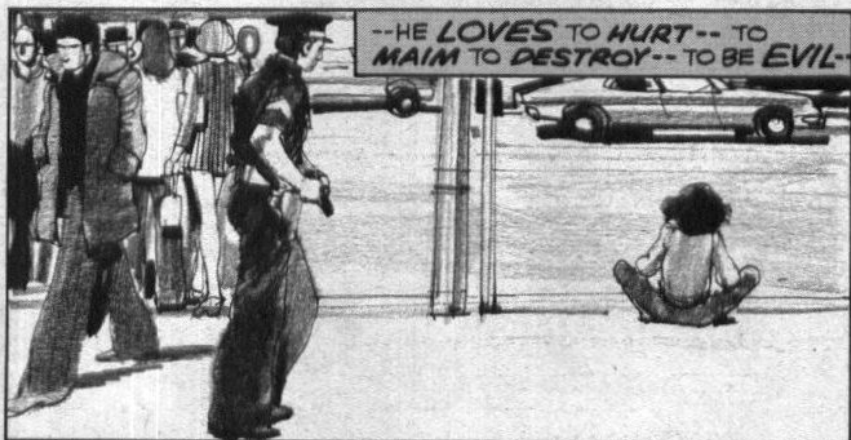
--THE **LEGION OF SATAN'S HYDES** IS A **SMALL LEGION**-- **SIMON INGELS** IS **ONE OF A VERY SELECT FEW**-- A **MAN OF RARE TALENTS**--**RARE EXPERIENCE**--**RARE ABILITIES**-- A MAN WITH **SPECIAL TRAINING**-- ONE IN A **MILLION**, MMH?, MORE LIKE ONE IN A **BILLION!!**



--**SIMON INGELS LOVES HIS WORK**--**HE LOVES TO KILL**--



--HE **LOVES TO HURT**-- TO **MAIM TO DESTROY**-- TO BE **EVIL**--



--AND MOST OF ALL TO BE **IRRATIONAL**-- HE LOVES TO BE **BOHEMIAN**-- HE **CHERISHES** THE CONCEPT OF HIS BEING A **MR. HYDE**--**SELF-INDULGENT**--**INTELLIGENT**--**GREEDY**--**BELIGERENT**--AND THOROUGHLY, WONDERFULLY, COMPLETELY **DECADENT...**



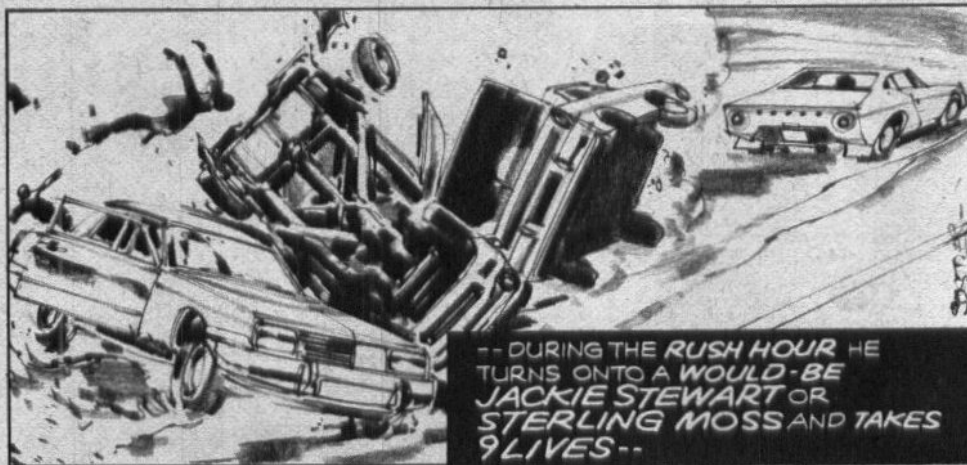
SIMON INGELS' PRESENT HABITS ARE SOMEWHAT A **RIDDLE** -- WHAT MOST MEN DO IN **LIFE** OR IN **DEATH**, IS **EASILY EXPLAINED** -- BUT INGEL'S RAMPAGE OF **DEATH** AND **HORROR** IS NOT THE MOST OBVIOUS OF **EMPLOYMENTS** -- HE **ENTERS** MANY **MEN** AND DOES MANY **EVILS** IN A DAY'S **WORK** -- IN THE **EARLY MORNING** HE IS A **MILKMAN** AND **ENTERS** A **HAPPY HOME** --



--IN THE **FORE NOON** HE IS A **MILD MANNERED BANK CLERK** TEMPTED BY OTHER **PEOPLES' GOLD** --



--IN THE **EARLY AFTERNOON** HE IS A **COP**, TURNING HIS **BACK** FOR A **MOMENT** THAT'LL TURN INTO A **LIFETIME** --

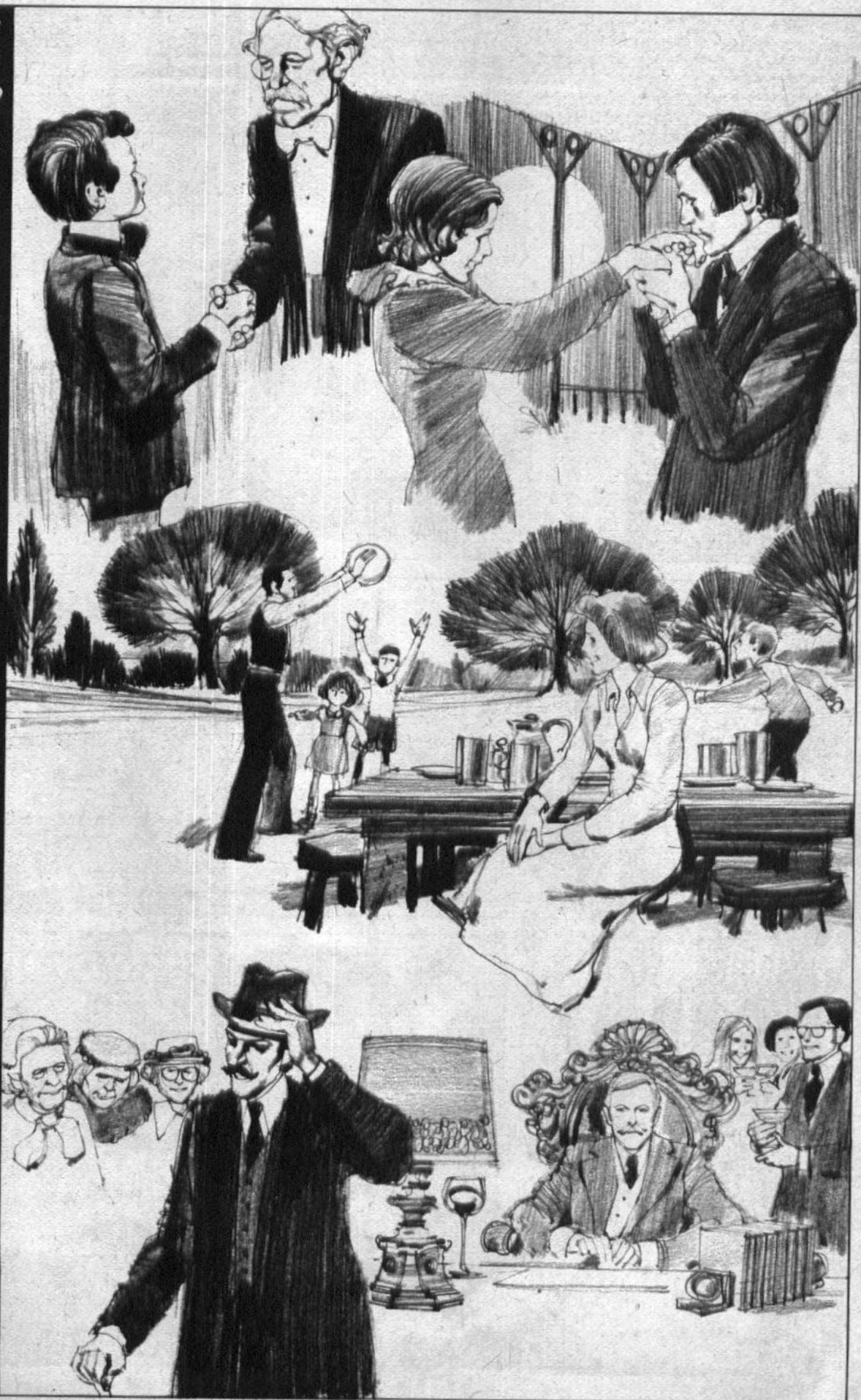


-- DURING THE **RUSH HOUR** HE TURNS ONTO A **WOULD-BE JACKIE STEWART** OR **STERLING MOSS** AND TAKES **9 LIVES** --



--AND COME THE **NIGHT** -- HE BECOMES THE **INSATIABLE GHOUL** --

--SIMON INGELS--
 A MAN OF MANY
 TALENTS-- A MAN
 OF GREAT
 BACKGROUND
 AND IMMENSE
 EXPERIENCE--
 TRAINED WELL--
 EMOTIONALLY HE
 IS PERFECTLY
 SUITABLE TO BE
 THE SATANIC
 MR. HYDE--
 FOR 65 YEARS,
 SIMON
 INGELS
 'LIVED'-- AND
 DURING THIS
 LIFETIME, HE
 LIVED A STORY
 BOOK EXISTENCE
 --LAW-BIDING--
 OBEDIENT--
 UNSELFISH--
 TAX-PAYER--
 MODEL HUSBAND--
 INDULGENT--
 TOLERANT--
 PERFECT FATHER--
 EXCEPTIONAL
 GRANDFATHER--
 CHURCH GOER--
 DIDN'T DRINK--
 SMOKE-SWEAR--
 NEVER TOLD A LIE--
 NEVER CHEATED--
 NEVER EXERCISED
 DECEIT--
 NEVER
 EMBEZZLED A
 PAPER-CLIP--
 NEVER SPOKE
 EVIL BEHIND
 ANYONE'S BACK
 (OR EVEN TO
 THEIR FACE)--
 PERFECT STUDENT--
 MODEL WORKER--



SIMON INGELS WAS,
 DURING HIS
 LIFETIME, ONE OF
 THE VERY, VERY,
 VERY FEW
 PEOPLE IN
 THIS WORLD WHO
 HAS ONLY ONE
 DEFECT-- HE
 WAS PERFECT--
 AND THEREFORE,
 SOMEWHAT
 IMPERFECT...

--NOW-- IN DEATH-- HE IS A MANIAC-- LETTING THE VENGEANCE DRIP OUT OF HIM-- ACTING OUT ALL THE VICES HE NEVER LIVED HIMSELF... THERE IS A JOKE THAT SATAN TELLS ABOUT SIMON INGELS-- (AND WHETHER IT IS BASED ON TRUTH OR NOT IS NOT FOR US TO SAY) THE JOKE IS THAT WHEN SIMON INGELS DIED, HE WENT UP TO HEAVEN TO KNOCK ON THE PEARLY GATES --AND ST. PETER SAID TO HIM: GET THEE HENCE INHUMAN, ONLY THE FALLIBLE, ONLY THE IMPERFECT ARE ACCEPTED HERE! GET THEE HENCE TO HELL! IT'S A CRUEL JOKE SATAN TELLS, FOR IT IMPLIES THAT IN HIS LIFETIME SIMON INGELS (WHO NEVER SUCCUMBED TO TEMPTATION) HAD NEVER EVEN BEEN TEMPTED!



SIMON INGELS IS NOW DEAD -- AND YET ISN'T HUMAN --



--DESPITE HIS ABILITY TO THINK-- TO REASON-- TO FOLLOW A LOGICAL OR ILLOGICAL COURSE OF ACTION, SIMON INGELS IS A MINDLESS MAN -- A MAN WITH A FREAK BRAIN THAT SATAN USES TO INFILTRATE THOSE YET ALIVE WHO CAN BE TEMPTED--



--AND WHO CAN REJECT TEMPTATION--

--FOR ALL HIS DEBAUCHERIES, FOR ALL HIS EVIL ACTS-- HE IS NOT YET HUMAN-- FOR HE PURSUES EVIL WITH THE SAME INDISCRIMINATE MINDLESSNESS WHICH HE EMPLOYED TO PURSUE VIRTUE--



--SIMON INGELS CANNOT UNDERSTAND THE REJECTION OF TEMPTATION --HE'S NEVER BEEN TEMPTED-- NEVER REJECTED TEMPTATION-- THOUGH MR. HYDE'S PERCENTAGE OF FAILURES IS SMALL, IT IS DISTINCT ENOUGH TO BE PROFOUND-- THE PROFOUND ENTER HEAVEN--THE MINIONS-- BURST THE FOODGATES OF HELL!



I don't know why I did it — I don't know what possessed me! Oh God! I must have been mad. I must have been desperate, desperate. I said to myself, even while I was doing it, "stop this, don't go on, you don't know what it is you do." How can one worry about a soul, about its sale-price, when one does not even know what a soul IS. I was young. I was successful, I was free — I had everything — that was my problem, I had everything and I was losing my youth, and I felt — I wrongly, oh how stupidly, I believed — youth to be man's most precious asset. I was coming to feel that everything around me was moving faster than I was. At least, so it seemed, so I thought. I was wrong about everything, if only I knew that then. It is too late now; it is far too late now, for anything —

written by ALAN HEWETSON illustrated by GENE DAY



I made a deal with Satan: I gave him my soul — he gave me eternal life. Not so unusual? — You've heard of deals like this before? — Well, perhaps you haven't, for in my case — I GAVE LORD LUCIFER MY SOUL BEFORE I DIED!

I live, I breathe and walk and talk, but I'm dead— I'm a walking dead man.

One night, very late, I was sitting in a restaurant. It was a restaurant for young people, and everyone was laughing and dancing and carrying on together. I sat alone, all alone — with all my success, my wealth, my good looks, with all of my everything I sat alone. I was out of date, I thought. I know now I was wrong, I know now the only problem was I was in the wrong restaurant — I was with the wrong crowd. I grew so depressed — I stood up and walked out, alone, into the night, down by the waterfront where I could be even more alone. I cursed and I glared into the black water beneath me. I said, "I am dead, old and dead." I wasn't, but I said that then.

I felt no longer alone; Someone stood beside me, looking at me so intently I thought he was some madman. He was tall — maybe he wasn't; I don't know anything anymore. I can't remember my own name — everything is gone now. He said to me: "Why don't you give me your soul, and I'll give you something in return." I said, "what — what? — Then I came to believe he was a maniac and I walked away from him. He caught up with me and turned me around to look at him. "Look at me — look into my eyes — look and see who I am." I looked into his eyes — oh God. oh horrors — he frightened me, what a monster — I knew who he was in an instant. I didn't have to question myself or mess myself up with second thoughts — no, I knew who he was, and I knew he was serious.

"You want my soul?" I said, "What will you give me for it?" He said: "The very thing you want." "You know then?" I said. "Oh yes, I know. You want your youth." I played the game with him — strip poker: he dealt; I picked up the cards; Then he stripped me. I became naked — he tore my soul from me — ripped it out of me. He went away, leaving me young for all eternity, but without a soul.

So you say, "so what?" That's what I said, "So what" I didn't know what a soul was — I didn't feel like I'd lost anything terribly important. I didn't feel anything. I didn't feel sorry or happy or sad or any real, particular emotion. One would think that knowing I was going to be young again, and forevermore, that I'd be exuberant. Excited. You say: "It's the old story, he'll be happy awhile and then — then he'll grow apathetic. But — but he'll be excited at first!" No. I wasn't happy or excited or ANYTHING. I tell you.

I'd lost that innate, strange, human capacity for excitement. I'd lost that peculiar human thing known as emotion. I have no emotions now at all. I don't even want to die; I don't care to live. The only thing I feel is a small bit of self-disgust. I feel very stupid. I gave away my human soul, my spirit — where is man without spirit? I sit here now writing my theory for you — this definition of the human soul. A man without a soul is a living dead thing, and I — I am the living and dead



**MY
SOUL
is in
HELL**

VAMPIRE vs. WEREWOLF

...THIS IS THE SKELETON OF A WEREWOLF

...SUPPLEMENTARY TO YOUR STUDIES OF THE OCCULT, YOU STUDENTS MUST LEARN ABOUT THE MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF CENTRAL EUROPE--MANY OF WHICH, AS EVIDENCED BY THIS HALF-HUMAN HUSK, ARE MYTHS WITH A HINT OF TRUTH...

HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S THE SKELETON OF A WEREWOLF, PROFESSOR CUSHMAN?

YES--AND WHY IS HE DRESSED IN THAT COAT AND CAP?

OH-- SOME STUDENTS PUT THE COAT AND CAP ON HIM-- SOME KIND OF JOKE-OR-OTHER I NEVER UNDERSTOOD-- IT'S NOT IMPORTANT-- BUT YOUR

QUESTION IS VERY IMPORTANT-- HOW DO I KNOW THIS WAS A WEREWOLF? WELL THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE TODAY -- SO THAT I CAN TELL YOU THE WHOLE GORY STORY THAT I WITNESSED MYSELF...

THE WAR OF THE HELL-DAMNED!



... DOESN'T IT STRIKE YOU AS A BIT ODD, DEAR READER, THAT FOR ALL OUR OBSESSIONS ABOUT VAMPIRISM AND LYCANTHROPY, THERE ARE NO LEGITIMATE STUDIES BEING CONDUCTED IN OUR UNIVERSITIES?...

... WELL, THAT'S THE IDEA BEHIND OUR TALE -- A LOOK AT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE MAVERICK PROFESSOR INTRODUCES A FRAGMENT OF HORRIBLE REALITY INTO HIS TEACHINGS, AS HE TELLS HIS STUDENTS OF AN EXPERIENCE HE WITNESSED DURING HIS YOUTH...



INTRODUCED BY ARTIST DUBAN



AH-- THESE
CAVES BRING BACK
SO MANY
MEMORIES --

--WHEN I WAS A
YOUTH-- I LOVED
CAVES LIKE THIS...

...WE WERE STUDENTS OF THE
WEIRD-- THEY DIDN'T CALL THE
SUBJECT '**OCCULT**' IN THOSE DAYS
-- THEY CALLED IT **THE WEIRD**!--
...A GROUP OF US WOULD ENTER
THE CAVES ON A WEEKEND
AFTERNOON, ON THE PRETENCE
OF SEARCHING FOR **VAMPIRE
BATS**-- OF COURSE THAT WAS
RIDICULOUS, WE **KNEW** THERE WERE
NO VAMPIRE BATS ABOUT-- MERELY
CAVE BATS... IT WAS A **PRETENCE**--
WE JUST WANTED TO BE **ALONE** AND
AWAY FROM THE WORLD SO WE
COULD **SMOOCH**-- OR IN THE
MODERN VERNACULAR-- **NECK!**



PETER-- DID YOU
SEE THAT NEW MOVIE
THEY JUST MADE?--
THE ONE STARRING
BELA LUGOSI?--
WHAT'S IT CALLED?
--**DRACULA!**



NO-- I DIDN'T SEE IT--NEVER MIND THAT--JUST
LOOK INTO MY EYES...

EH? LOOK
INTO YOUR
EYES?

LOOK DEEP
INTO MY EYES
--DEEP...



AAAAAAA!



STOP FOOLING
AROUND YOU TWO--
IT'S GETTING LATE--
WE HAVE TO
LEAVE!

THAT'S **NOT FUNNY** PETER
--IT'S JUST **NOT FUNNY**--
--YOU NEARLY **SCARED ME**
TO **DEATH!**



WHAT'S THIS?

SOME SORT OF **ANIMAL MARKINGS-TRACKS** OF SOME KIND--

WHAT KIND OF **ANIMAL MAKES TRACKS LIKE THESE?**

VERY **MYSTERIOUS--** DO YOU THINK THEY COULD BE **DEER TRACKS?--** THE **MARKINGS** LOOK LIKE **HOOVES!**

THEY AREN'T **DEER TRACKS--** FOR **ONE** THING, THERE ARE **NO DEER** ABOUT THIS AREA...

...I'LL TAKE A **PLASTER IMPRESSION--** WE'LL GET THE **OPINION** OF THE **PROFESSOR...**



WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY **ARE** PROFESSOR?

WELL--TO TELL YOU THE **TRUTH--**

--I DON'T **KNOW!**

A **MOUNTAIN GOAT** MAYBE?

YES--MOST **LIKELY** A **MOUNTAIN GOAT** I SHOULD **THINK...**

COULD THEY BE SOMETHING **ELSE** PROFESSOR, --COULD THEY BE THE **MARKS** OF--OF A **VAMPIRE** OR **WEREWOLF...**

THAT'S THE **SILLIEST** THING I'VE **EVER** HEARD! I THINK IT'S **TIME** I TOLD YOU THE **TRUTH** ABOUT ALL THESE **VAMPIRE** AND **WEREWOLF** **LEGENDS--** **MOVIES** LIKE THAT NEW **DARCU**LA **MOVIE**, OR WHATEVER IT'S CALLED, DON'T HELP THE **TRUTH** AT **ALL...**



"...THE **MYTHS** ABOUT **HUMAN VAMPIRES** ALL STARTED BECAUSE OF A VERY SIMPLE **NATURAL PHENOMENA**-- IN CENTURIES PAST, WITH **MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE** BEING VERY **LIMITED**, OFTEN PERSONS WHO **SLIPPED** INTO A **COMA**, OR WHO **SUFFERED** FROM **CATALEPSY**, WERE **BURIED ALIVE**-- WHEN THE POOR INDIVIDUAL WHO WAS PREMATURELY BURIED **WOKE UP** AFTER A FEW DAYS, HE'D OF COURSE BURST OUT OF HIS **COFFIN**-- THOSE WERE SUPERSTITIOUS TIMES, AND EVERYBODY WHO **SAW** THE **DEAD MAN RISE OUT OF HIS GRAVE** FIGURED HE WAS **BROUGHT TO LIFE BY SATAN**-- AND SO STARTED THE **MYTHS** ABOUT **VAMPIRES**..."



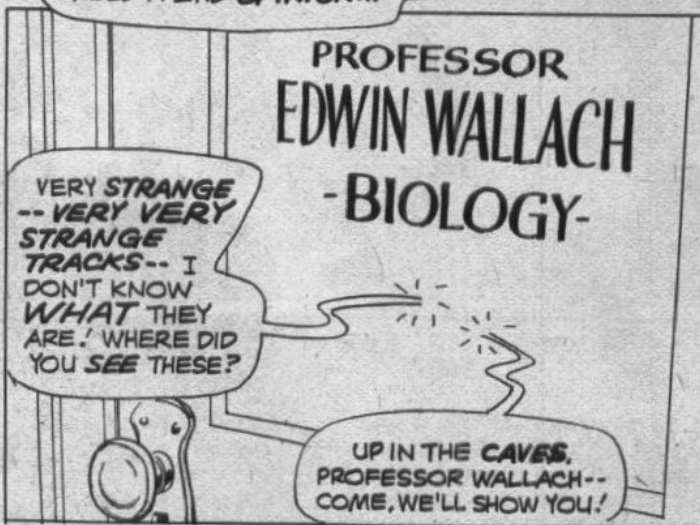
"...THERE IS ONLY **ONE KIND** OF **VAMPIRE**-- **VAMPIRE BATS**-- THEY LIVE IN **VARIOUS AREAS** OF **CENTRAL** AND **SOUTH AMERICA**-- AND THEY **DON'T KILL**-- THE ONLY **PROBLEM WITH VAMPIRE BATS** IS THAT THEY CARRY **RABIES** AND CAN **FILL YOUR BLOOD-STREAM** WITH THEIR **DISEASE**..."

"...**LYCANTHROPY** IS A FORM OF **INSANITY**-- NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS--IN WHICH THE SUFFERER **BELIEVES** HE IS AN **ANIMAL** AND BEHAVES ACCORDINGLY-- CERTAIN **DERANGED PEOPLE** HAVE **BELIEVED** THEMSELVES TO BE **CARNIVOROUS ANIMALS** SUCH AS **BEARS--TIGERS--LEOPARDS** AND **JAGUARS**... SOME BELIEVE THEMSELVES TO BE **WOLVES**, AND BEFORE THEY ATTACK THEIR VICTIM THEY DON A **WOLF'S FUR**... SIMPLE **INSANITY**--THAT'S **ALL** IT IS..."

WELL--WHAT ABOUT **WEREWOLVES** PROFESSOR?

YOU MEAN **LYCANTHROPES**, DON'T YOU?... BECAUSE YOU KNOW THE **WEREWOLF MYTH** IS ONLY A **SMALL PART** OF THE WHOLE **LYCANTHROPY MYTH**...







THIS IS **FOOLISH**-- WE COULD
BE WAITING HERE
ALL NIGHT--
--IT'S **COLD**!

SSSH!--YOU
SEE THAT **SHADOW**
DOWN THERE? --WE
AREN'T ALONE--
MAYBE IT'S THE
WEREWOLF!

SO PROFESSOR--

-- THERE'S NO SUCH THINGS AS
VAMPIRES AND **WEREWOLVES**,
EH? CARE TO **EXPLAIN** WHAT YOU
ARE **DOING** UP HERE AT THIS
TIME OF THE **MORNING**?

... I -- I
AHH --



IT'S THE **PROFESSOR**!

-- WAT'S HE
DOING IN THE **HILLS**
AT 2:00 IN THE
MORNING?

-- HE'S
LOOKING
AT THE
TRACKS!

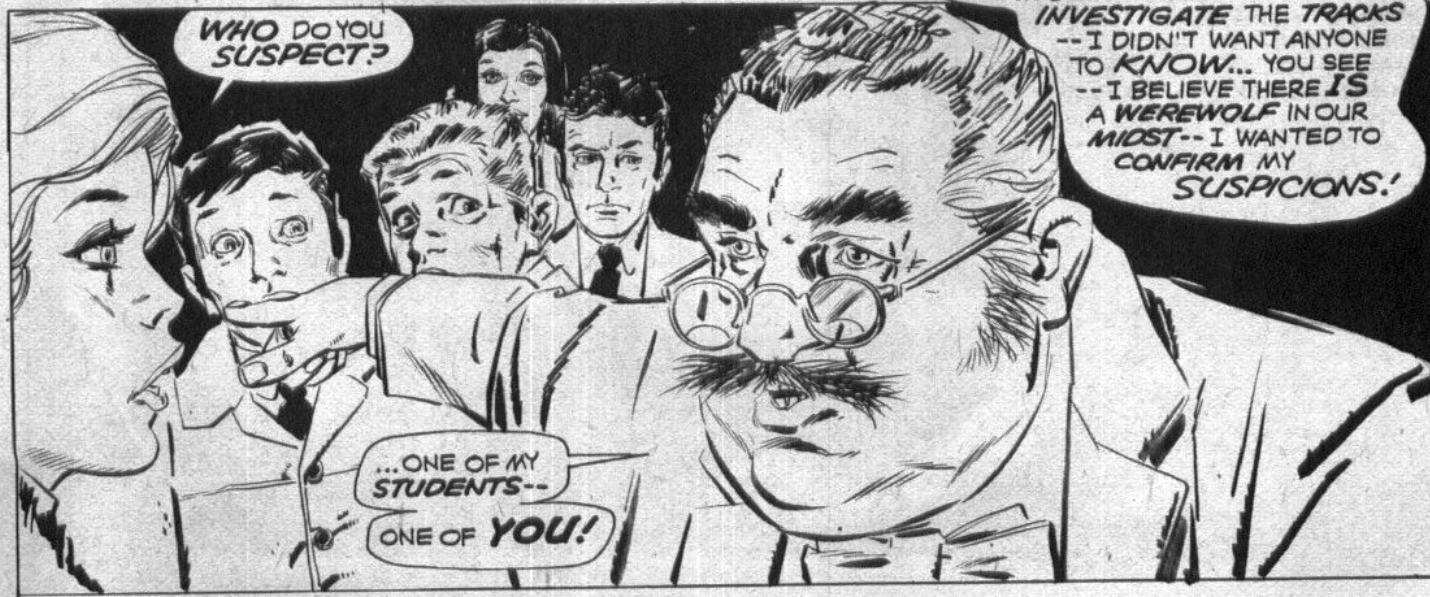


WHY DON'T
YOU
CONFESS--

YOU ARE THE
WEREWOLF,
AREN'T YOU?

-- DON'T BE **FOOLISH**
BOY-- I'M NO MORE A
WEREWOLF THAN YOU ARE!

... I'M UP HERE TO
INVESTIGATE THE **TRACKS**
-- I DIDN'T WANT ANYONE
TO **KNOW**... YOU SEE
-- I BELIEVE THERE **IS**
A **WEREWOLF** IN OUR
MIDST-- I WANTED TO
CONFIRM MY
SUSPICIONS!



WHO DO YOU
SUSPECT?

... ONE OF MY
STUDENTS--

ONE OF **YOU**!



ONE OF US PROFESSOR? BUT WHO? WHICH ONE OF US COULD IT BE?

I KNEW I'D HAVE TO KILL YOU EVENTUALLY-- I KNEW YOU DISCOVERED MY SECRET WHEN YOU SAW ME WATCHING YOU--

--I WAS SPYING ON YOU JUST AS YOU WERE SPYING ON ME--IRONICAL ISN'T IT

--I--THE WEREWOLF...

--IT'S ROLF ADMUNSTAM-- THE EXCHANGE STUDENT FROM DENMARK --HE'S THE WEREWOLF!!



AN YOU PROFESSOR--

--YOU--THE VAMPIRE!



YOU!

YES PROFESSOR --IT'S UNFORTUNATE YOU HAD TO COME UP HERE TONIGHT--NO --ONE WOULD HAVE KNOWN...



WHAT? WHAT'S HE SAYING? THE PROFESSOR A VAMPIRE?

BUT THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND I PROFESSOR-- DESPITE THE DIFFERENCES OF OUR CHARACTER TYPES--

--TONIGHT-- I CAME PREPARED!!







I'M SORRY FATHER--
I SHOULD HAVE ACTED
SOONER --
PREVENTED HIM
FROM MURDERING
YOU!

THAT'S ALRIGHT
SON-- YOU DID
RIGHT IN TRYING
TO HIDE YOUR
IDENTITY-- YOU
MUST SPEND YOUR LIFETIME
HIDING YOUR IDENTITY...

--MY LIFE IS OVER-- BUT I'VE LIVED A LONG
AND REWARDING LIFE-- NOW-- IT IS
YOUR TURN TO LIVE...



...THAT'S THE STORY...

-- BUT PROFESSOR-- WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE VAMPIRE?--
I MEAN-- DID THE STUDENTS
MANAGE TO KILL HIM SOMEHOW?

OH NO -- THE
CONTRARY-- THE
VAMPIRE
KILLED THE
STUDENTS--
ALL OF THEM!

BUT PROFESSOR--
YOU WERE ONE OF THE
STUDENTS-- THAT'S NOT
POSSIBLE UNLESS--



--UNLESS I WAS THE VAMPIRE? UNLESS I WAS THE
SON OF PROFESSOR JOSEPH CUSHMAN?

--YES-- LIKE MY FATHER I AM A
VAMPIRE-- LIKE MY FATHER I AM
NOW A PROFESSOR TOO

...LIKE FATHER
LIKE SON...

... EVERY SO OFTEN, THERE
IS A TRAGIC CAVE-IN
IN THESE HILLS -- ONLY
ONE MAN EVER MANAGES
TO SURVIVE -- A
CERTAIN PROFESSOR
PETER CUSHMAN --
WHO OFFERS NO
ANSWERS TO THE
MYSTERIOUS CAVE-IN
MYSTERIES -- HE
MERELY GLARES
HYPNOTICALLY INTO THE
EYES OF HIS
QUESTIONERS, AND
THEY JUST-- SEEM TO
FORGET THEY EVEN
ASKED...



BENEATH THE SOFTLY SWAYING TREES, A VOW OF UNDYING LOVE WAS ONCE PROCLAIMED-- DEATH COULD NEVER STAKE HIS CLAIM TO THAT PASSIONATE SOUL WHO WALKED THOSE MUDDY BANKS ON MOON-LIT NIGHTS ...THE VICTIM OF...

INTRODUCED BY WRITER
ED FEDORY

THE COXSACKIE-AXE MURDER

WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN AGRAS

THE STILL EVENING AIR LIES THICKLY ON THE CALM WATERS OF THE UPPER HUDSON RIVER. ON THE BANK, TWO KINDRED SOULS AND HEARTS ARE LINKED IN A SOLEMN VOW...

FATHER HAS FOUND OUT THAT WE HAVE DISOBEYED HIS ORDERS!... HE KNOWS THAT WE HAVE BEEN MEETING AGAIN!

IT WAS WRITTEN IN OUR FATES THAT ONE DAY HE SHOULD KNOW! HIS DISLIKE FOR THE ONE YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY SHALL NEVER TARNISH THIS LOVE WE SHARE!



...NEVER...



AS THE TWO LOVERS SEAL THEIR VOW, AN OATH OF DAMNATION IS HURLED TO THE HEAVENS!



FIND HIM!
I SHALL PUT AN END TO THIS COURTSHIP...
...THIS VERY NIGHT!



THE *BREATHS*
HE NOW DRAWS...
...SHALL BE HIS
...*LAST!*



A *STORM* IN
THE MAKING!

FITTING, THAT ON
SUCH A NIGHT THE
LECHER SHALL
...*DIE!*



TILL AGAIN OUR
LIPS TOUCH!...

TILL THEN
SHALL I
HUNGER!

ADIEU, MY
BELOVED!



YOU MUST
GO NOW.
WE MUST NOT
ALLOW YOUR FATHER'S
SUSPICIONS TO GROW...
...BEFORE WE CAN FIND
AN *ESCAPE* FROM HIS
CLUTCHING GRASP!

I SHALL
MISS YOUR
TOUCH!

...AND I,
YOURS!



WITH FEW CARES OF THIS OR ANY WORLD, THE LONE FIGURE APPROACHES THE PATCH OF TREES... EACH STEP BRINGING HIM CLOSER TO HIS *HIDEOUS DESTINY!*

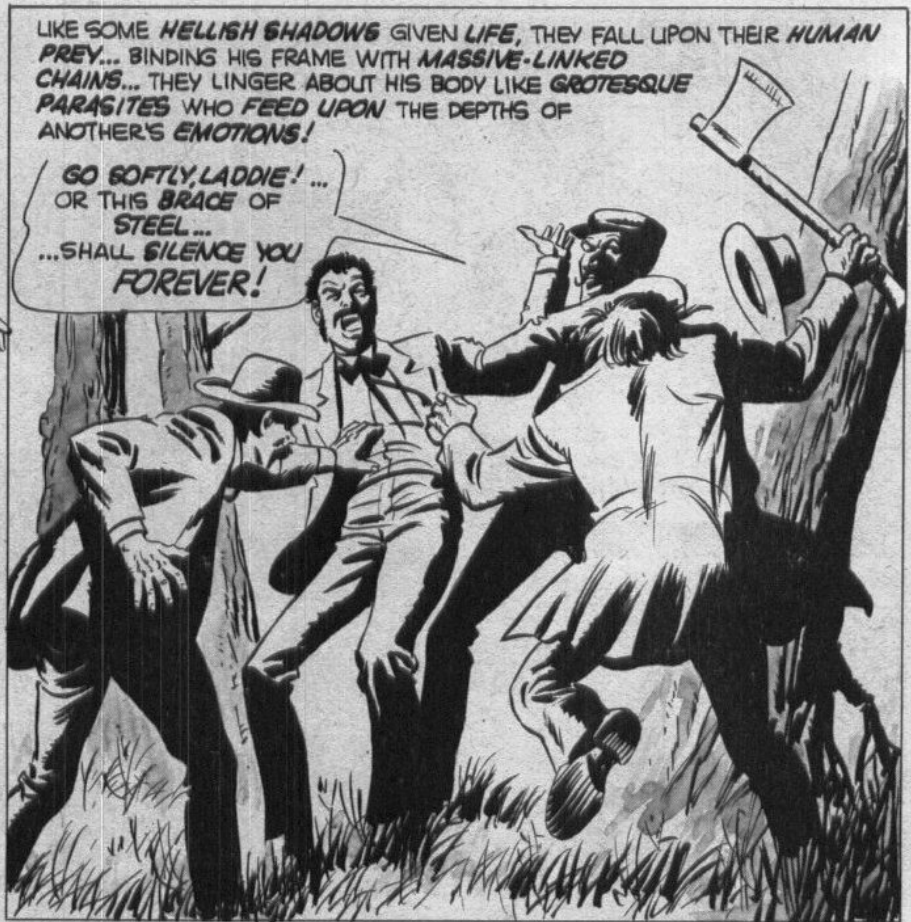
HE COMES!

AYE, THE
OLD MAN
KNEW HE
WOULD!

SPEAK SOFTLY...
...HE MUST NOT
HEAR US!



WHAT THE HELL!!



LIKE SOME **HELLISH SHADOWS** GIVEN **LIFE**, THEY FALL UPON THEIR **HUMAN PREY**... BINDING HIS FRAME WITH **MASSIVE-LINKED CHAINS**... THEY LINGER ABOUT HIS BODY LIKE **GROTESQUE PARASITES** WHO FEED UPON THE DEPTHS OF ANOTHER'S **EMOTIONS**!

GO SOFTLY, LADDIE! ... OR THIS BRACE OF STEELSHALL SILENCE YOU FOREVER!



THE DARK CLOUDS SCATTER LIKE FLUSTERED CATS BEFORE A FULL-MOON. THERE IS A QUIET HUSH UPON THE RIVER, AS THE EVENING MISTS BEGIN TO SETTLE IN FULL ... ONLY THE DISTANT CHORDS OF A HONKY-TONK PIANO AND LOUD LAUGHTER OF THE RIVERSIDE BEER HALLS BREAKS THE NIGHT!

IT IS HER **WRETCHED FATHER** WHO IS BEHIND THIS! HE SHALL NOT HEAR THE END OF THIS!

THE **STORM** WILL SOON BE UPON US! **HEAVY ON THE OARS!** ...I DO NOT WANT TO BE **MID-RIVER** WHEN IT **HITS!**

THE **STARK** FRAME OF THE **DESERTED BRICKWORKS** ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE RIVER POKES ITS **HOARY** HEAD ABOVE THE TREES. IT HAS BEEN ABANDONED FOR YEARS, AND A DESTINATION SUCH AS THIS BEARS NO GRAND TIDINGS!



EASE HER TO! EASY!

THE **BRICKWORKS!** I MUST ESCAPE! ... OR THIS NIGHT MAY PROVE ... MY **LAST!**



AS THEY WADE THROUGH THE KNEE-DEEP RIVER GRASSES, THE MENACE OF THE **DARKENED BRICKWORKS** LURKS AHEAD

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH ME?-- WHY IS THIS HAPPENING? WHAT HAVE I EVER DONE TO YOU?

IT'S FOR THE OLD MAN TO DECIDE!

IT WAS HIS IDEA ... AND BESIDESWHEN I HEARS THE JINGLE OF COINSI ASKS NO QUESTIONS!

BUT, ALTHOUGH HE TRIED TO *ESCAPE*, HE COULD NOT! WITHIN THE SPAN OF SCANT MINUTES, HE FOUND HIS BINDING CHAINS LINKED TO AN ANCIENT IRON RING, SET INTO THE *LICHENOUS* STONE WALL!



HA HA HA HA HAAAAA

... MAD!

KKRRRAAAKKKKKK

I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR DISOBEDIENCE, YOUNG FOOL! TONIGHT, THERE ARE LESSONS YOU MUST LEARN... WELL!

MORE THAN THE INJURY AT ANOTHER'S HAND, HIS PRIDE WELLS UP, AND STIRS A STRENGTH HE HAS NEVER KNOWN!

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR IS THRUST VICIOUSLY OPEN, REVEALING THE EYES OF ONE OBSESSED WITH MADNESS... THOSE INSANE FIRES SEEM TO PIERCE THE NIGHT AND SHADOWS LIKE GLOWING RED LAMPS!



WITH A BLUR OF MOTION, THE HEAVY IRON CHAIN SWINGS VIOLENTLY THROUGH THE AIR LIKE SOME FERROUS ANGEL OF DEATH!

WITH THE LINKS SEVERED, THE BINDING TOOL TRANSFORMS INTO A WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION!



47 SPINE



CURSE YOU,
SILAS LOWELL!
...CURSE YOU AND
ALL THE LOWELLS
THAT SHALL
FOLLOW YOU!!

HAHAHA
HAAAAHAAAA
IT IS YOU, YOUNG
WHELP, WHO ARE
CURSED!!



THE AWESOME BLADE OF STEEL HOVERS OVERHEAD FOR A
BRIEF SECOND...

NEVER SHALL I REST
'TIL THIS BLACK DEED
HAS BEEN AVENGED!
YOU SHALL BE THE
FIRST TO DIE...
...THE LOWELL MALES
SHALL NEVER LIVE TO
SEE THE STREAKS OF
GRAY ON THEIR HEADS!
SO DO I SWEAR!

SILENCE!



...AND FALLS, LIKE SOME SHARP-
BEAKED BIRD OF HELL SPAWNED
IRON INTO THE HEAVING CHEST
OF ITS YOUNG PREY!

...ALL
SHALL DIE...
DIE!!
YAAAGGG!

THE BLOOD OF THIS
DEED IS UPON US!

SILENCE!



DO NOT WORRY ABOUT
THE BLOOD!
... THE MONEY FOR A JOB
WELL DONE SHALL CLEANSE
YOUR HANDS...
...IF NOT YOUR CONSCIENCE!
FULL ON THE OARS!
WE MUST DISPOSE
OF THE BODY!

WITH ONLY THE GIANT CYCLOPEAN
EYE OF NIGHT AS SILENT WITNESS,
A DEAD AND SHATTERED FORM IS
PASSED OVER THE SIDE OF THE
BOAT!



...IT LINGERS FOR A FEW SECONDS
AT THE SURFACE...



...THEN SLIPS BENEATH THE
WATERS WITH NARY A SOUND
NOR RIPLE TO ITS SWAMPY
GRAVE!

WITHIN THE FOLDS OF *NIGHTED MISTS* HE WANDERS THROUGH THE *GREEN SLIMES* OF THE *MARSHES*...
DOOMED TO TRED IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS OATH!

AS WAS DEEDED, THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE *LOWELL CURSE* WAS *SILAS*. HE LAY ACROSS HIS *CHIPPENDALE* DESK... *EYES AWANDER*...
HIS HEAD RESTING IN A POOL OF *RIVER SLIME* THAT *NONE* COULD EXPLAIN!

...THE *SILENT FIGURE* OFTEN HEAVES ITS *BULKY, MIASMIC CHEST* IN A *DEEP SIGH*...
AND A *STRAINING EAR* IN THE *DEPTH* OF
NIGHT MIGHT CHANCE UPON THE *WHEEZING, GROTESQUE TRUTH*...
I AM REVENGE!

PATIENCE LOWELL, DEPRIVED OF HER
ONLY LOVE, FELL BENEATH HER OWN
SILENT CURSE... SOFTLY, ONE NIGHT, SHE
STOLE INTO THE *MARSHES* AND PUT AN
END TO HER *SORROWS*... HER *LAMENT*
TO A *LOVER LOST!*

...AND SO THE *CURSE* ON THE
HEADS OF THE *LOWELLS* WAS
CARRIED FROM GENERATION TO
GENERATION... ALWAYS PRESENT...
ALWAYS A *HIDDEN FEAR*...
ALWAYS *LURKING IN THE SHADOWS*...

...STRANGE THEY THOUGHT, HOW THE *FRESH*
FLOWERS RESTED SO *SOLEMNLY* AT HER
BREAST WHEN THEY FOUND HER *BODY* ON
THE *RIVER BANK!*

...READY TO STRIKE AND SLAY!

THE YEARS RACE BY, WHILE THE CURSE
UPON THE HEADS OF THE LOWELL MALES
CONTINUES... ALL HAVE DIED BEFORE
THEIR THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY!!
IT IS A NIGHT OF MANY CARES FOR
NED LOWELL...
...TOMORROW IS HIS 30TH
BIRTHDAY!

GOOD-
NIGHT, DADDY.

GOOD-NIGHT,
PRINCESS. I'LL
SEE YOU IN THE
MORNING.

TOMORROW'S
DADDY'S BIRTHDAY...
...IT'LL BE A SPECIAL
DAY FOR HIM!

A FAIRY
TALE?
HHAAAAHHHHH!

IT WAS NO FAIRY
TALE THAT SLEW
MY FATHER!!...
...OR HIS BEFORE HIM!

I SENSE, THAT
TONIGHT...
...IT WILL
COME!

DADDY!

...CAN I
HAVE A GLASS
OF WATER?...
...I'M THIRSTY!

SURE,
HONEY!

FOLLOWED BY A TRAIL OF
GREEN RIVER SLIME... IT
STALKS FROM ITS SWAMPY
WOMB!

ONCE AGAIN,
JUSTICE SHALL
BE MINE!

IT'S FINALLY
CAUGHT UP
WITH US!

DON'T BE FOOLISH,
DEAR... IT'S JUST
A FAIRY TALE!





I HAVE COME FOR YOUR LIFE.
LOWELL...
...AS YOU KNEW I WOULD!

I HAVE NEVER
HARMED YOU!...
...WHY DO YOU WANT
TO KILL ME?

FOR MY DEATH,
THE LOWELL
FAMILY HAS
ALWAYS PAID...
...I ONLY CRAVE
THE SATISFACTION OF
A DEBT LONG OVERDUE...
...ANOTHER LOWELL
DEATH!

I WON'T
LET HIM HURT
YOU, DADDY!



AS THE SLIME ENCRUSTED ANGEL
OF DEATH MOUNTS THE FIRST STEPS
OF THE STAIRCASE...

THE HIDEOUS, DRIPPING FIGURE
OF THE MAN-SLIME HALTS...NOT TO
THE PLEADINGS OF AN INNOCENT
CHILD...

YOU LEAVE MY
DADDY ALONE!
YOU GO AWAY!

NO!
...STAY AWAY
FROM IT!

OH, NED...
...NOT OUR
DAUGHTER!
COME BACK!
...PATIENCE!
...COME BACK!



...BUT AT HER NAME!

WITH BUT THE CALLING OF ONE
NAME, ALL THE YEARS OF HORROR...
OF GROTESQUE EXISTENCE...
OF REVENGE, DISSOLVE...LEAVING
THOUGHTS OF ANOTHER, FAR MORE
HAPPY TIME!!...

...PATIENCE?

PATIENCE!



SOMEWHERE...OUT IN THE WINDS...
SHE WAITS... RESTING IN DEATH...
AWAITING THE RAINS...



... Awaiting...



...BEFORE SOME WHITE-TOOTHED HERALD OF A LONG
DEAD ERA, HE STOPS... EVERY FIBER OF HIS
DRIPPING FRAME IN HELLISH TURMOIL, BETWEEN THE
DUTY TO HIS DAMNING OATH, AND THE REST WITH
HIS BELOVED THAT IS SO LONG OVERDUE!



HOW LONG HAVE YOU AWAITED ME?
HAVE YOU WATCHED ME MOVE BETWEEN
THE HOUSE AND SWAMP ALL THESE
YEARS?



...HOW?

HOW COULD SOMETHING BORN OF
SUCH TENDER EMOTIONS GROW
LIKE A CANCER, AND TRANSFORM
TO SUCH HIDEOUSNESS?
...SUCH DEPRAVED
DECAY?



A MIDST THE SMOULDERING FRAGMENTS OF A LIVING
CURSE, THERE LURKS A SLEEPING PEACE.. WHERE
ONCE SLIMY MUSCLES TRUGGED THE CHALK-WHITE
SKELETON, NOW ONLY THE GROUND OFFERS SOLACE
TO THE OOZING, BUBBLING PUDDLES...



...THAT ONCE WERE ALIVE!





...MANY COMICOLOGISTS FIGURE THIS MEDIUM, THAT IS- THE **ILLUSTRATED STORY MEDIUM**- BEGAN AS FAR BACK AS **OLD EGYPT** WITH PICTORIAL **HIEROGLYPHICS**... AND IF THAT'S **TRUE**, THIS **SAGA** OF THE **MUMMY KHAFRE** CAN HAVE NO **BETTER** FORUM THAN THE **HORROR-MOOD ILLUSTRATED PULPS**... THIS SERIES, WHEN COMPLETED, WILL BE AN **ILLUSTRATED HORROR NOVEL** IN THE GRAND **TRADITION** OF THE **SUSPENSE AND ADVENTURE NOVELS** OF **YESTERYEAR**... READ ON, AND ENJOY, AS WE **START OUR TALE**...

THE MUMMY KHAFRE

INTRODUCED BY ALAN HEWETSON

...AT TANIS, ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE PERIOD OF THE DECLINE, IN 1015 B.C., IN THE ELEVENTH DYNASTY, THE WIFE OF **NEFERCHERES** SUCCEMBED TO THE **MADNESS DISEASE**, AND AFTER BRUTALLY MISTREATING HER SUBJECTS, KILLING HER ILLICIT LOVER, AND DESTROYING THE MORAL REPUTATION OF HER MUCH RESPECTED HUSBAND, WAS PUT TO **DEATH** BY THE **AHMOSE PRIESTS** OF THE **SUN**...

...THOUGH SHE LAY IN STATE TWO DAYS SHE RECEIVED **NO VISITORS**- NO LAST **FAREWELLS**... SAVE **ONE** CALLER--THE **PHARAOH NEFERCHERES**...



...**KHAFRE**... YOU ARE SO **BEAUTIFUL** EVEN IN **DEATH**... THOUGH I WILL BE **DEPRIVED** OF YOUR PRESENCE AT MY **SIDE** I WILL **REMEMBER YOU** IN MY **DREAMS**-- AND WHAT I SHALL REMEMBER OF YOU WILL NOT BE OF YOUR **LAST DAYS**, BUT OF OUR **YOUTH TOGETHER**... AND THE **GOOD, HAPPY TIMES**...

WRITTEN BY
ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY
CESAR LOPEZ



THE FUNERAL

... CHAPTER ONE ...



...**KHAFRE'S BODY** WAS TAKEN TO THE **EMBALMER'S WORKSHOP** TO BE PREPARED FOR THE **TOMB**...



... AN **INCISION** WAS MADE IN THE **LOWER CHEST**, AND THE **BODY** WAS **DRAINED**, AND ALLOWED TO **SOAK** IN DRY **NATRON** AND **ARONATIC RESIN** FOR **70 DAYS**...



...IT WAS THEN LAID FLAT UPON A **STONE BENCH**, HANDS FOLDED ON **CHEST**, AND **BANDAGED**...



...UPON THIS **FIRST LAYER OF WRAPPINGS** AN AMOUNT OF **RESIN** WAS SPREAD, AND THE **FUNERARY JEWELLERY** WAS ADJOINED TO THE **SPIRIT** OF THE **DECEASED** BY ATTACHMENT TO THE **BANDAGES**...



...THE **MUMMY** WAS THEN **PADDED** BY THEM AND **WRAPPED** AGAIN... PLACED WITHIN HER **FIRST COFFIN**-- THEN **GILDED** AND **PAINTED** WITH **HIEROGLYPHIC SCENES**... WHICH WAS IN TURN COVERED BY **4 SEPARATE COFFINS**, EACH LARGER THAN THE OTHER AND MADE OF **DIFFERENT MATERIALS**... THE **LAST** OF **WOOD**...



...THE *INTERNAL ORGANS*, LIVER, LUNGS, INTESTINES AND STOMACH, WERE PICKLED, EACH-ON-*THEIR-OWN*, AND ENCLOSED IN *FOUR CANOPIC JARS*, EACH WITH THE *STOPPER-HEAD* OF THE *TUTELARY DIETIES* (THE *FOUR SONS OF HERUS*), AND WERE *BOXED* IN A *CHEST*...



...THE *MOURNERS ESCORTED* THE *MUMMY* ON A *BIER* DRAWN BY *OXEN*-- AND THE *FUNERAL CORTAGE* PROCEEDED TO THE *TOMB*, WHERE THE *PRIESTS PERFORMED* THEIR *CEREMONIES*...



...AND AT THE *FINISH*, USING SPECIAL *RITUAL IMPLEMENTS* DESIGNED TO *OPEN THE MOUTH* OF THE *MUMMY* SO THAT THE *POWER OF SPEECH* WOULD NOT BE *DEPRIVED* AFTER *DEATH*, THE *PRIESTS ENTOMBED* THE *MUMMY* IN AN *ANTECHAMBER* OF THE *PELUSIUM PYRAMID*... ALONG WITH HER *BOX* OF *FOUR DOZEN MUMMIIFORM FIGURES* OF *POTTERY* (*USHABTIU* THE *ANSWERS*- FOR THEY WERE TO *AID* THE *DECEASED* IN HER *AFTERLIFE* WHEN *CALLED UPON*) BY HER *SIDE*...



THE *PYRAMID* WAS THEN *CLOSED*, NOT TO BE *DISTURBED* OR *RE-OPENED* TILL THE *DEMISE* OF *PHAROAH NEFERCHERES*... THUS WAS *KHAFRES DEATH* OBSERVED WITH *SOLEMNITY* AND *GRACE*, THUS WAS SHE *BURIED* WITH THE *UNDYING RESPECT* AND *ADORATION* OF HER *PEOPLE*... UPON THE *ORDERS* OF *NEFERCHERES*... WHO WOULD HEAR *NO ILL WORD* SPOKEN OF HIS *QUEEN* AFTER HER *DEATH*. THUS A *KINGDOM* PAID THEIR *RESPECTS* IN *PRAYERS* OF *MOCKERY*; FOR THE *PRESENT* AT LEAST, THE *MUMMY KHAFRE* RESTS IN *PEACE*...



...IN 1883, PROFESSOR PETER FLINDERS AND HIS ASSOCIATE TOM FORTISS DISCOVER THE SMALLISH PELUSIUM PYRAMID BURIED UNDER THE SANDS... AND EXCAVATE THE TOMB OF THE PHAROAH NEFERCHERES AND HIS SOMEWHAT LESS-THAN-DEVOTED WIFE KHAFRE...

THE CIRCUS OF HORRORS



...IT'S
MAGNIFICENT...

...IT IS
PROFESSOR
FLINDERS...IT'S
OUR MOST
BEAUTIFUL
FIND...



...YES
FORTISS...IT
PROBABLY IS...
THE MUMMY KHAFRE
...MURDERED BY THE
PRIESTS OF THE SUN
IN A MOST HORRID
WAY...

...OH? HOW WAS SHE
MURDERED
PROFESSOR?

HOW?...
WELL, WHEN THEY
MUMMIFIED HER...
WHEN THE
EMBALMERS
BEGAN THEIR
WORK--

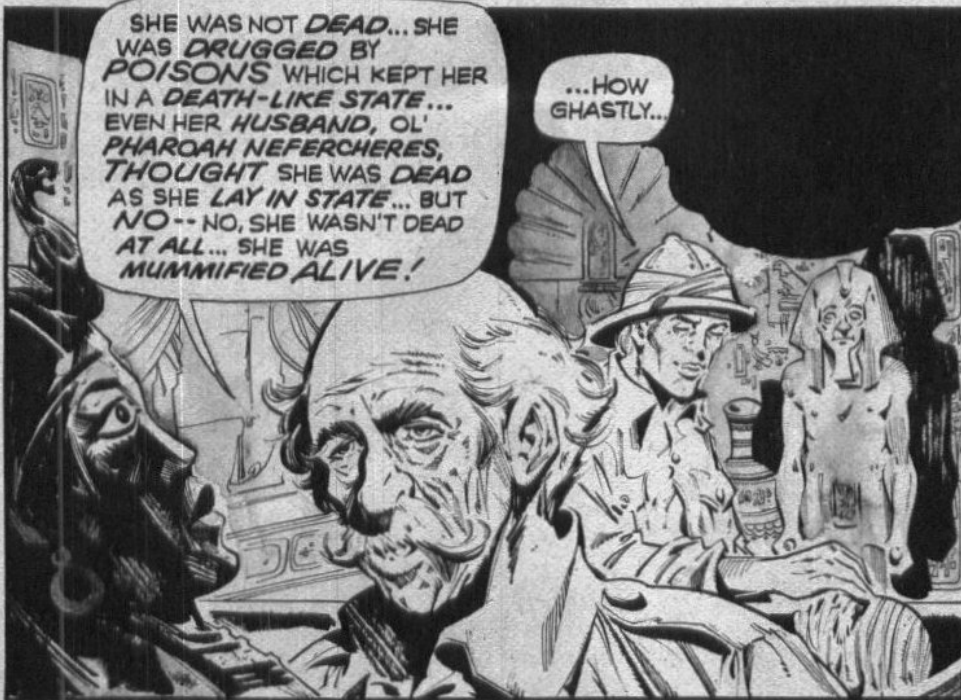


KHAFRE WAS
STILL ALIVE!!
--OR SO THE
LEGEND SAYS!



SHE WAS NOT DEAD... SHE
WAS DRUGGED BY
POISONS WHICH KEPT HER
IN A DEATH-LIKE STATE...
EVEN HER HUSBAND, OL'
PHAROAH NEFERCHERES,
THOUGHT SHE WAS DEAD
AS SHE LAY IN STATE... BUT
NO-- NO, SHE WASN'T DEAD
AT ALL... SHE WAS
MUMMIFIED ALIVE!

...HOW
GHASTLY...





WELL BOY... I
THINK THIS OLD
GIRL IS OUR MOST
IMPORTANT FIND...
DON'T YOU THINK
EH?

YES SIR...
DEFINITELY!

MORE THAN YOU'LL
EVER **KNOW**, I
SHOULD THINK!

WE'VE HAD A
LONG DAY... LET'S
RETIRE TO OUR **TENTS**
FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP, EH **FORTISS?**

AH... YOU **GO AHEAD**
PROFESSOR... I JUST WANT
TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S
SECURE HERE... IT
WOULDN'T DO TO ALLOW
OUR MOST **IMPORTANT**
FIND TO BE **LOOTED...**
I'LL BE ALONG **SHORTLY!**

GOOD
THINKING...
I'LL SEE YOU IN
THE **MORNING**
FORTISS.



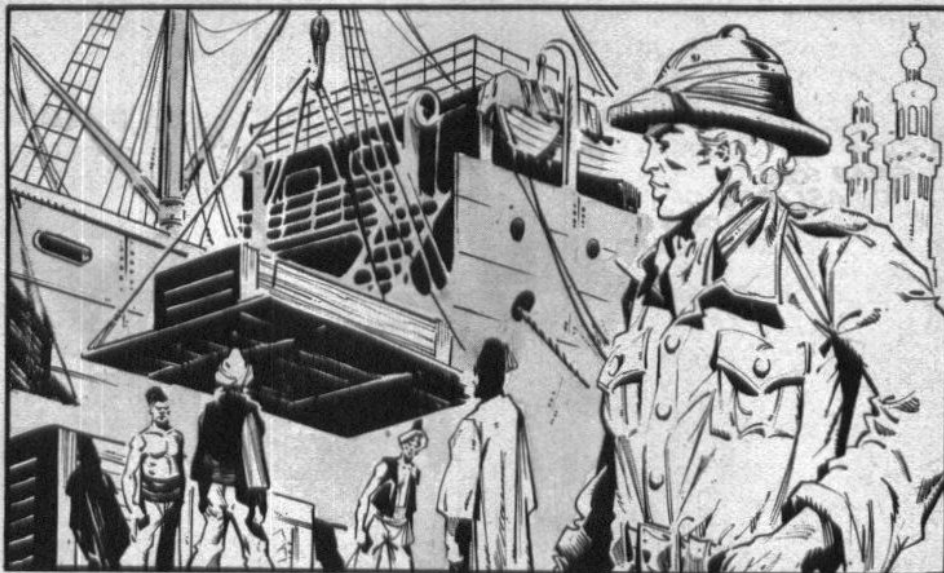
...BY **GOD...** IT
REALLY DOES LIVE!!
FOR SOME **OBSCURE**
REASON IT IS **NOT**
ANIMATED AT THIS
MOMENT BUT... BUT IS
REALLY DOES
LIVE!!



A PILLOW OVER THE OLD MAN'S FACE-- A MUFFLED SOFT CRY OF DESPERATION-- AND PROFESSOR FLINDERS DIES IN HIS SLEEP OF ACCIDENTAL SUFFOCATION-- AND TOM FORTISS IS HALF WAY TO BEING A RICH MAN...



...THE YEAR 1883 WAS A SHORT TIME BEFORE THE BRITISH, FRENCH AND ARABIAN GOVERNMENTS IMPOSED CONTROLS TO PREVENT ARCHEOLOGICAL LOOTING AND TOM FORTISS WAS EASILY ABLE TO SMUGGLE THE MUMMY OUT OF ITS TOMB AND INTO A STEAMSHIP NEARBY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN WHICH WAS BOUND FOR THE UNITED STATES WITH A VARIETY OF EASTERN SILKS AND LINENS...



...THE MUMMY KHAFRE WAS CONCEALED IN THE BOTTOM OF A FALSE BOTTOM TRUNK-- SINCE FORTISS FEARED ITS ANIMATION, IT WAS HANDCUFFED AND ROPED WITH ITS ARMS BEHIND ITS BACK--ITS ANKLES WERE ROPED AND STRAPPED TOGETHER--AND A QUANTITY OF ETHER WAS LET SOAK INTO THE COFFIN WOOD EVERY DAY BY FORTISS, WHO INSPECTED HIS PRECIOUS CARGO DAILY...

...IN NEW YORK HARBOR, THE 'COFFIN' WHICH ACTUALLY WAS A CLOTHES' TRUNK, PASSED CUSTOMS EASILY, AND FORTISS MADE HIS SPEEDY FLIGHT TO THE INTERIOR ABOARD A HORSE-DRAWN WAGON... AS HE MADE FOR PHILADELPHIA WHERE T. P. BARNUM WAS REPORTED ON TOUR WITH HIS FAMOUS TRAVELLING CIRCUS, FORTISS HAD SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT HIS VENTURES...



...IT WAS ALIVE--I KNOW... I FELT A PULSE BEAT-- I SAW ITS EYES OPEN... BUT--WHAT IF THAT'S THE TOTAL EXTENT OF ITS ANIMATION?



...ITS EYES ARE OPEN AGAIN... YET IT MOVES NOT ANOTHER MUSCLE... WILL BARNUM THINK THIS ENOUGH OF A THRILL? WILL HE NOT DEMAND TOTAL ANIMATION?

YOU GOTTA WHAT YOU WANNA SHOW ME?

...I GOT A LIVING MUMMY MR. BARNUM-- I SMUGGLED IT OUT OF EGYPT... I CAN SHOW IT TO YOU NOW BUT I... I WOULD LIKE A FEW DAYS-- JUST A FEW DAYS ALONE WITH IT TO MAKE EVERYTHING READY...

ALRIGHT--YOU GOT A FEW DAYS-- BUT THIS BETTER NOT BE A FAKE-- I'VE SEEN ENOUGH FAKE FREAKS TO LAST ME A LIFETIME-- I'LL THROW YOU OUT ON YOUR EAR BUSTER!!

OH, IT'S NOT A FAKE-- THAT MUCH I GUARANTEE...





BY GOD-- I DUNNO WHAT I WAS WORRIED ABOUT-- IT'S LIKE A WILD ANIMAL... IT'LL DRIVE THE AUDIENCES CRAZY ... SO--I GOTTA SALEABLE PACKAGE FOR BARNUM-- IF I CAN CLOSE A SALE QUICK I CAN LEAVE THIS FREAK CIRCUS IN FIVE MINUTES...



--YOU REALLY HAVE SOMETHING HERE BOY-- HOW MUCH YOU WANT FOR IT?...

... I FIGURE 20 THOUSAND IS PRETTY FAIR-- CONSIDERING...



CONSIDERING WHAT? LISTEN KID, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN EVEN GET 5 THOUSAND SOMEWHERE ELSE, GO AHEAD... THIS CORPSE ISN'T WORTH MORE THAN 3 OR 4 THOUSAND TO ME...

... 3 OR 4 THOUSAND??-- FOR AN ATTRACTION LIKE THIS?

... DO I HAVE ANY CHOICE?...

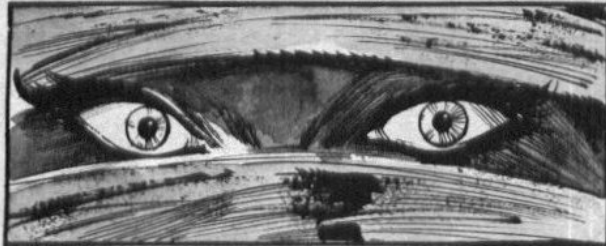


LOOK KID-- WHETHER THIS THING IS REAL OR NOT AIN'T IMPORTANT-- YOU THINK PEOPLE ARE GONNA BELIEVE IT'S REAL? EH? YOU THINK THEY'RE GONNA BELIEVE IT IF THEY SEE A REAL LIVE TWO THOUSAND YEAR OLD MUMMY IN A FREAK TENT? --LOOK-- IT'S A GOOD GIMMICK-- THAT'S IF I THINK IT'LL WORK-- AN' THAT'S THE ONLY REASON I'M EVEN INTERESTED-- I'LL TELL YOU WHAT-- I'LL GIVE YOU 4 THOUSAND NOW-- AND IF YOU STAY AND-- HER-- LOOK AFTER THIS MONSTER I'LL PAY YOU PERCENTAGE-- SAY 10% -- ALRIGHT?...

...THE MUMMY KHAFRE WAS SILENT-- AND CALM-- SHE WATCHED THE BEWILDERED CROWDS LAUGHING AT HER AS THEY PARADED BY DAILY... DAY AFTER DAY... WEEK AFTER WEEK... HER MIND LEARNED THE MEANING OF THE WORDS EVERYONE AROUND HER USED... SHE LEARNED WHAT MODERN LIFE WAS LIKE-- CRUEL AND SOMEWHAT IDIOTIC, AS SHE LISTENED TO THE OTHER FREAKS AROUND HER... SHE LEARNED TO HATE, AS SHE WATCHED FORTISS EVERY NIGHT IN THE TENT, DRINKING AND BECOMING MORE MOROSE WITH EACH PASSING NIGHT...



... AND WHEN SHE HAD LEARNED SUFFICIENTLY, AND GROWN TO HATE ADEQUATELY AND BECAME BORED WITH THE TEDIUM OF HER ENDLESS DAY-BY-DAY ROUTINE-- AND WHEN HER BODY HAD BECOME HEALTHY FROM THE FOOD AND THE FRESH AIR... WHEN HER MUSCLES BECAME STRONG... WHEN HER MIND BECAME RESTLESS-- SHE YEARNED FOR FREEDOM!



...NEFERCHERES...

WHAT??-- YOU SPEAK?

YOU--ARE NEFERCHERES!

YOUR HUSBAND? THE PHARAOH? YOU THINK I'M HIM? ... LISTEN KHAFRE... YOU GOT IT WRONG-- I'M SORRY-- YOUR HUSBAND'S BEEN DEAD FOR QUITE A WHILE NOW...



LOOK INTO MY EYES FORTISS--LOOK AND SEE YOURSELF-- LOOK AND SEE NEFERCHERES-- ARE YOU NOT HIS REINCARNATED SPIRIT?



...YES-- I SEE THE IMAGE IN MY MIND-- I SEE IT AS IT ONCE WAS... MY LOVE...

REMOVE THE BANDAGES THAT BIND ME NEFERCHERES... AND BEHOLD YOUR LOVING QUEEN ONCE AGAIN ALIVE AND BY YOUR SIDE.





...THIS AMUSES ME-- TO SEE YOU **DIE** TOM FORTISS-- EVEN THOUGH YOU ARE **NOT** NEFERCHERES-- AND BUT ONLY A **CRUDE RESEMBLANCE** TO MY KING... IT AMUSES ME TO **CONJURE IMAGES** IN YOUR MIND AND MAKE YOU **BELIEVE** THAT YOU ARE WHAT YOU ARE **NOT-- A KING!**... IT AMUSES ME IN A SMALL WAY-- TO **MURDER YOU--** AS FOR A BRIEF SECOND, I **FANTASIZE** I **MURDER** MY **MURDERER...**



NEXT:

THE MURDERESS

LEARN how to **DIE** in the **TOMB OF HORROR**

-- COME-- ENTER THE CRYPT OF DARKNESS
-- THE TOMB OF HORROR-- THE WELL
OF HELL--



-- ENTER AND LEARN THE MANY WAYS
TO DIE!

-- WITHIN THIS PLACE THINGS LURK
IN THE DARKNESS--



-- HANDS COME OUT OF THE WALLS, GRASPING
FOR YOUR THROAT-- YEARNING TO RIP IT OPEN!



FLAMING TORCHES MOUNTED ON THE
CAVERN-LIKE WALLS LEAP OUT AND
FLAMES SCORCH YOUR FACE!



-- SKELETONS OF THE LONG-DEAD HANGING
DRAINED AND MANACLED TO THE WALLS,
STRUGGLE TO FREE THEMSELVES FOR THE
ATTACK ON THEIR VICTIM-- YOU!



-- SEVERAL COFFINS IN THIS CRYPT OF THE
LIVING DEAD OPEN AND PERMIT THE EXIT
OF THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD THINGS WITHIN,
WHO COME TO TAUNT YOU AND HOLD YOU
PRISONER!



AND AS YOU STAND HELPLESS IN THEIR
CLUTCHES-- YOU SEE THE COFFIN OF THE
MASTER VAMPIRE OPEN-- YOU SEE THE
HUMAN FIEND LEER AT YOU HYPNOTICALLY.
YOU FEEL WEAK AND YOU KNOW IN A MOMENT
HE WILL BEGIN YOUR MURDER!



...HE GNASHES INTO YOUR JUGULAR-- HE
TEARS INTO YOUR NECK VEINS-- HE
DRAINS YOU OF YOUR LIFE SLOWLY AND
WITHOUT PASSION-- DRAINS YOU OF
EVERY PRECIOUS OUNCE OF YOUR BLOOD!

ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR

-- YOU ARE DEAD NOW-- YET
STILL YOU BREATHE, FOR YOU
ARE ONE OF THEM-- ONE OF
THE UNDEAD WHO DIE
MANY DEATHS BEFORE
THERE IS AN ABSOLUTE END
TO CONSCIOUSNESS-- THERE
ARE MANY WAYS TO DIE--
YOU WILL LEARN THE
MANY WAYS TO DIE IN

NIGHTMARE PRESENTS

TOMB OF HORROR

art from DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN by AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES



Come to where the Horror is!
Come to Horror-Mood Country!